

THE AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST,

A Literary Register and Repository of Notes and
Queries, Shakespeariana, etc.

"What was scattered in many volumes, and observed at several times by eye-witnesses, with no cursory pains I laid together to save the reader a far longer travail of wandering through so many deserted authors. * * * * * The essay, such as it is, was thought by some who knew of it, not amiss to be published; that so many things remarkable, dispersed before, now brought under one view, might not hazard to be otherwise lost, nor the labor lost of collecting them."—*Milton, Preface to: "Brief History of Moscovia," 1632.*

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LITERARY (AND OTHER) JOTTINGS.

On Dec. 1, 1874, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of London, sold, at their rooms, the library of a well-known foreign collector. We quote the following items, with the prices realized: Augustinus de Civitate Dei, the second book printed in Italy at the Monastery of Subiaco, 31*l.* 10*s.*; Breviaire Nostre Dame, printed in 1587 at Paris, from the library of Henry the Third, with his devices and motto on the binding of N. Eve, 27*l.* 10*s.*; Casa de Potentium ac Tenuium inter se Officiis, manuscript on vellum, in a curious perforated binding by N. Eve, with the arms of Henry the Second and the devices of his famous mistress, the beautiful Diane de Poitiers, 37*l.*; The Household expenses of the same Diane de Poitiers, "pour Souppers," in August, 1565, with her autograph signature, 20*l.*; Grolier's copy of Gayleri Navicula, with his name and motto, 30*l.*; Evangelia, a specimen of P. Segurier's library, 20*l.* 10*s.*; Gratiani Decreta, manuscript of the thirteenth century, on vellum, with twenty-eight miniatures in the early Saxon style, 49*l.* 10*s.*; Heures a l'usage de Rome, printed on vellum, in 1496, by Pigouchet, 75*l.*; Horæ in Laudem B. Virginis, Tory's first edition, 48*l.* 10*s.*; Manuscript Horæ, on vellum, with illuminations, 46*l.* and 50*l.*; First Edition of La Fontaine's Fables, 23*l.*; Oudry's Edition of the same, on large paper, 42*l.* 10*s.*; His Contes, in the edition of the Fermiers Généraux, 30*l.* 10*s.*; The Heptameron of Marguerite de Navarre, with Freudenberger's plates, 32*l.* 10*s.*; a beautiful Officium B. Virginis Secundum Ordinem Humiliatorum, written on vellum by an Italian scribe, with miniatures, 102*l.*; an Officium B. Virginis, written on vellum, for the private use of Henry the Fourth, by C. Ruffin, 47*l.*; an Office de la Vierge, dedicated to the Queen of France by the Jesuit Coton, and bound for her by Le Gascon, 25*l.*; The first Aldine Poliphilo, 33*l.*; Royaumont Histoire de la Bible, 43*l.*; Seneca Opera, first edition, 32*l.* 10*s.*; Thevet, Singularitez de la France Antarctique, 25*l.*; an elegant Manuscript on vellum, containing "Prieres Saintes et Chreiennes pour Monseigneur," written by the famous calligrapher, Gilbert, so well known as the only book Louis the Sixteenth was allowed to retain whilst in prison, and which he gave to his gaoler, Vincent, a gift that proved fatal to the latter, as it caused him to be guillotined as a suspected Royalist, 82*l.*; The Elzevir Corneille, 41*l.* The entire

sale (comprising only 275 lots) brought 2,414*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The sale of the library of the late John Gough Nichols, F. S. A., was concluded on Saturday, Dec. 12, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, at their house in Wellington street, producing in the aggregate 2,195*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* It comprised topographical works and illustrations of the various counties, heraldry, family history, pedigrees, seals, autograph letters, and some curious deeds—in all, 2860 lots. The following are from among the different sections: Duke of Beaufort's Progress through Wales in 1684, 15*l.* 10*s.*; Collection of original assignments of, and agreements for, manuscript, between celebrated authors, in 3 vols., 53*l.* 10*s.*; Bridges's History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire, with manuscript and other additions, 4 vols. in 2, 14*l.*; Carlos's Collections for the History of English Counties, autograph MS., 5 vols., 12*l.* 10*s.*; Dallaway's History of the Western Division of the County of Sussex, 3 vols., 57*l.* 10*s.*; Fraser's Memoirs of the Maxwells of Pollok, 2 vols., 12*l.* 15*s.*; Collections for the County of Cambridge, by Smyth, 20*l.* 10*s.*; Carter's Collection of Sketches relating to the Antiquity of this Kingdom, original drawings, 111*l.*; Gough's Tours of England, Wales, and Scotland, illustrated, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Gurney's Record of the House of Gournay, printed for private circulation, 13*l.* 10*s.*; Gough's History of Enfield, autograph MS., 9*l.*; Harris's History of South Wiltshire, 6 vols., 28*l.*; Nichols's (J. B.) Obituary of Literary and Eminent Persons from 1701 to 1858, autograph MS., 26*l.* 10*s.*; Noble's Biographical Anecdotes, 11 vols., autograph MS., 31*l.*; Ogilvie's Account of the Anglo-Norman Families who settled in England, MS., 15*l.*; Rowland's Account of the Nevill Family, 12*l.*; Whitaker's Parish of Whalley, 14*l.* 10*s.*; Deanery of Craven, 12*l.* 5*s.*; Willement's Arms, Banners, and Standards of the Royal Family and Nobility in the time of Henry the Eighth, MS., with drawings, 13*l.*; Collection of Rubbings from Sepulchral and other Brasses, 22*l.* 10*s.*; Collection of Brass, Iron, and other Seals, 15*l.* 15*s.*; Seal found near Durham, and others, 12*l.*

Mr. Chapman, of Edinburgh, completed the other day the sale of the library of the late Prof. Stevenson, which lasted for a period of fourteen days. Among the books sold was a fine set of the Bannatyne Club books, which brought 204*l.* 15*s.* A copy of the

Bollandist Lives of the Saints brought 76*l.* 13*s.*; Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, 40*l.* Many of the books were purchased for the Free Library about to be instituted in Glasgow, and we understand that the entire library of the late Prof. Cosmo Innes, which was rich in antiquarian and historical works, has been purchased for the same institution.

Old New York History.—Mr. F. B. Patterson, of 32 Cedar street, N. Y., announces for publication during the year a "Panoramic History of Old New York," consisting of fac-similes of early maps, old advertisements, views of buildings, portraits of old New Yorkers, etc., etc. He will also publish shortly a volume of poems by George A. Baker, Jr., known to the public by his "Vers-de-Société" which have appeared from time to time in *Scribner's Magazine* and the (N. Y.) *Evening Mail*.

The late Charles Knight, it appears, left a sketch of an historical novel, which has since been worked up and is just published in England as a "Romance of Acadia." It is one which ought to repay reprinting here, inasmuch as the scene is laid on this continent, and the principal characters, though French, had curious relations with the confederated New England provinces. The heroine is Madame de la Tour, wife of Charles, the son of Claude de la Tour, two adventurers of remarkable versatility, who were, as has been said, "always French or English according to circumstances." No writer of fiction ever conceived a more truly romantic story than that which Charlevoix was the first to tell concerning the founder of Fort la Tour, at the mouth of the river St. John, the stronghold which his intrepid wife had twice defended successfully against Charles de Menou d'Aulnay-Charnisé. Haliburton, in his "History of Nova Scotia," says that after the surrender which followed the second defence (1647), D'Aulnay made Madame la Tour witness, with a rope around her neck, the execution of her little garrison, and so hastened her death, which occurred shortly afterwards. Palfrey ("History of New England") suggests that Haliburton misread the older authorities, and that no such brutality was enacted. As La Tour, a few years later, married the widow of D'Aulnay, it is charitable to suppose that his grudges against his former rival were mainly political, though his nice sense of honor, displayed towards his father, when the latter in 1630 urged him to an act of disloyalty, soon oozed away under the necessity of holding his own in Acadia; and already before his second nuptials he had "turned pirate," as Winthrop says, with a Massachusetts vessel entrusted to him. D'Aulnay's character, on the other hand, has been upheld in "Preuves de l'Histoire de la Maison de Menou" (Paris, 1852, translated in the "Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections," Vol. IV., fourth series, p. 462); and still more recently in M. Moreau's "History of French Acadia," from 1518 to 1755 (Paris, 1873). M. Moreau dwells particularly on the administration of D'Aulnay, deriving his facts from some unpublished family documents entrusted to him by a descendant.

There are well-known and often-quoted passages in Swift, Macaulay, Thackeray, and many other authors about the position of clergymen in England a

hundred and fifty years ago. A curious illustration occurs in one of the Winchilsea papers, recently acquired by the British Museum, but not yet calendared or bound. A letter dated the 3d of November, 1729, from Mr. John Wilkinson to a noble duke, or possibly to the archbishop, but the name does not come out, contains the following passage:

"Howsoever some People may sink beneath their characters by reporting things entirely false and groundless, I cannot say: but, my Lord, I cou'd not be easy until I had solemnly assured your Grace that the late Earl of Winchilsea gave me the Presentations, in every Respect truly great and noble; and that a Wife was never whispered to me till the day after my Lord's death: then indeed my Lady Herself told me that Her maid Morfee was always intended to go along with the Livings, and that if I desired to make Her Ladysp, my Friend, I must not refuse the Offer: I own, my Lord, that I was at first unable to give a direct answer, but recovering the surprise, I gave Her Ladysp, an absolute denial, upon which She in a Passion ordered me to withdraw, and I have never seen Her Ladysp. since."

He goes on to explain that the livings had been five months vacant, and that Lord Winchilsea appointed him just before his death as a reward for his attendance; that no condition was ever mentioned; and that he was not the person first "pick'd upon." A certain John Wilkinson, M. A., is mentioned by Hasted as having been appointed rector of Eastwell on the 26th of May, 1730. He resigned in 1733.

The maxims of the ancient Egyptians for their young are equally good for our youth of modern times, and favorably contrast with those of Christianity. We will quote a few of them: "Do not take on airs." "Do not maltreat an inferior." "Respect the aged." "Do not save thy life at the expense of another." "Do not make sport of those dependent upon thee." "Do not pervert the heart of thy comrade if it be pure." "Let not riches make thee proud, for the first author of these good things is God."

The Grosvenor Library of Buffalo, N. Y., has been fortunate in securing for its librarian the services of Mr. James W. Ward, formerly of this city. Mr. Ward is a gentleman of much general culture, and under his care we have no doubt the library will become one of the best of its kind in the United States.

The high value of certain book rarities is shown by the following anecdote: Signor Dura, a bookseller at Naples, put forth a catalogue, in which was the following highly tempting entry, under the head Vespucci: "Lettera di Amerigo Vespucci delle isole nuouamente troue in quattro suoi viaggi," sixteen leaves, with woodcuts, supposed to have been printed in the year 1516. The price of this little work was put at 2,000 lire, equal to £80 sterling—not too dear, say the booksellers, considering that the only other copy known is in the Granville Library, British Museum. Copies of this catalogue reached Paris on Sunday, Nov. 29th, 1874, and on the same day Signor Dura received as many as four telegrams from different persons at Paris, signifying their desire to purchase the work. On the next day, Monday, the catalogues reached London, and then three different persons telegraphed their desire to purchase, but, alas, too late. A Paris bookseller was the first in the field, and had secured the prize.

It is well known that Napoleon the First was never educated as a lawyer, nor a member of any legislative assembly, and that the short speeches about law which he uttered before the Conseil d'Etat, during the Consulate, were prepared for him by Cambacères, who, by the way, had failed in the task entrusted to him by the Constituent Assembly of codifying the French civil law. The real authors of the Code Civil were Tronchet, Bigot de Préameneau, and Portalis; but the time of its publication coinciding with the assumption of the Imperial crown by the First Consul, the collection was called Code Napoleon. During the thirty-three years of the Restoration and the July Government, the code resumed its original and more natural title of Code Civil, but was again baptized Code Napoleon under the Second Empire. Now it is officially the Code Civil, although most of its recent editors and commentators persist in retaining the spurious title, in opposition to the law itself, which was passed in March, 1803. Thus, in many editions published in 1872-73, it is declared that no law is valid unless proclaimed by the Emperor; that no marriage may take place between uncle and niece, brother-in-law and sister-in-law, without the permission of the Emperor. The public prosecutor is called "Procureur Impérial," whilst no judge or barrister would dare now call him otherwise than "Procureur de la République." The reason for such discrepancies lies much less in a settled intention to deny past events, or to foster desperate hopes, than in this material fact; that all the editions of the Code Civil are generally stereotyped, and the publishers do not choose to incur the expense of setting it up again in types.

We have received from Harriet A. Tenney, State Librarian, a Report of the State Librarian of the State of Michigan for 1873 and 1874, from which we learn that the "total number of books, pamphlets and maps in the care of the State Librarian is 45,745, and their value is estimated at \$90,000, an average of nearly two dollars per volume." We are glad to perceive that there is such evidence of progress in the formation of a library, but it is evident that it is yet greatly in need of miscellaneous books, especially in the department of American History. We are glad to see that a lady occupies the post of honor as a librarian. We know no reason except a lack of training why intelligent women should not more frequently occupy a similar position.

The Cross.—We are in the habit of associating the Cross with the Christian religion only, and thinking of it as having no significance in any other relation, forgetting that its use as a symbol and as a mode of punishment dates far beyond the time of Jesus Christ, and has its place in the customs of many and widely separated nations of antiquity. When the Assyrian tablets, and the coins of Greece, and the early Asiatic coins are minutely examined, the Greek cross is found on them; and so it is on Etruscan pottery, specimens of which are to be seen in many museums of the present day. St. Andrew's cross is also to be seen in monuments and memorials of art as remote as those we have just now mentioned. But more common, and in great abundance among the remains of early Roman work, in the midst of

Pagan symbols is the Latin cross, the one that is familiar to our eyes as the form of the cross on which it is stated Christ was put to death. Heathen divinities have been represented holding in their hands a sceptre in the form of a cross which has conquered them in the seat of their power, and is destined to be the sceptre of the whole earth. The Egyptians had a cross, which was the symbol of life, and it is frequently represented on their monuments with Osiris. The same form was found by Layard on the marbles of Khorsabad and the Nimrut tablets. The temples of India have the same symbol on their inner walls. It has by some undefined principle of association been the sign of power, or something equally important to imaginary deities, in ages anterior to Christ, and in countries where no knowledge of the religion of Christ had been propagated at the time when their coins and monuments and temple walls were marked by an emblem that has now become the symbol of the faith of Christendom. Even the Thor of the North, the great Thunderer of the Scandinavians, held a mighty hammer, which was a cross. Gen. di Cesnola found the cross on the antiquities of Cyprus, buried beneath the dust of successive civilizations. In the New World, as well as the Old, the cross was a sacred emblem, and it was frequent in Mexico and South America before Christian robbers and murderers invaded them in the name of a Prince of Peace. Among all the peoples where the cross was thus represented, it was doubtless also used as a mode of punishment—one of the most lingering, torturing and cruel that can be devised. It was in common use among the Romans, and only rarely used among the Jews at the time of Christ. Alexander the Great crucified 2,000 men of Tyre when that city fell into his hands. Darius put to death 3,000 Babylonians in the same way when the city of Hanging Gardens was taken by his hordes. Titus, the Roman General, exhausted the means of torture in crucifying the Jews, when Jerusalem was starved into submission and became his prey.

"Maria Monk's Daughter," by Mrs. L. St. John Eckel, is the most wonderful confession by a lady ever given to the public. One might think that, living and moving still in society, as she does, she would have hesitated to draw the attention of the world to the terrible family history she so graphically describes, and to the details of her own not too immaculate life, which she paints with a complacency and assumed religious fervor which, to say the least, is funny. But as the work is written avowedly in the cause of religion, we suppose criticism of any sort will be considered unjust; but we must put in a protest, as we fail to see how the exposure of a dead mother's name to infamy, and the gross details of a fair woman's peccadilloes, which often appear to border upon the verge of sin, can aid any one towards a higher or better life. The fair authoress, it seems, is now a light of the Catholic Church, and gives her experiences of life, so she says, to show that a heart, however depraved, may be made pure and good. Viewing the work aside from a moral standpoint, we can say it is a literary effort of no mean pretension, and as piquant a collection of *chronique scandaleuse* as ever emanated from the pen of a Madame Du Barri. As such we

dare say it will find many readers, as it offers an inducement which *this* wicked sinner's works do not possess, viz., that its perusal is leading the heart to God, an impression which the authoress endeavors to convey from the first chapter to the last.

A correspondent writes: "General di Cesnola has been actively engaged, for some months past, in excavations at the Island of Cyprus. In September he had the good fortune to discover the ancient site of *Curium*, or *Kuri*, and the temple of Apollo Hylates (?). Several long Greek inscriptions bearing the name of that deity have already been unearthed; also some smaller inscriptions in the Cypriote language. These latter are, for the most part, upon little statuettes of calcareous stone. Among his richer finds, the General has a beautiful Greek statuette of white marble, over two feet in height, representing a naked youth, perfect from the knees upwards, and in a very fine state of preservation; there is only the left foot wanting. Another statuette, also representing a naked youth, but arranged in a different attitude, is a little less than two feet in height, the legs from the knees downwards and the arms wanting. The head was found near the *terzo*. A little marble head is also well preserved. These objects appear to show all the characteristics of the finest Greek art. A bronze statuette, seven inches high, well preserved, and of manifest Greek workmanship; only one foot is missing. A large quantity of heads in terra-cotta, some life-size, and statuettes of the same material, of which a few measure eighteen inches in height and over twelve in width. They are seated in the Oriental or Turkish manner, wearing amulets round their necks, and the *phalli* are prominent. Two are of fine work, and all are artificially faced with red and white colors. At least a hundred statues, statuettes, and heads, in the well-known calcareous stone, employed so commonly by the ancient sculptors of Cyprus, have been exhumed, with a quantity of terra-cotta equestrian figures wearing armor, consisting of helmets of various patterns, rounded shields charged with the full-faced head of Medusa in relief. About thirty statuettes of calcareous stone, seated as above described, wearing amulets on the neck or shoulders, holding doves, rabbits, turtles, or other votive offerings, and in the state already mentioned."

Strange Story About a Bible.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says everybody has heard of the three wise men who went to sea in a bowl. The place where these worthies of nursery literature flourished before the unfortunate shipwreck which terminated their history was some few years ago the scene of an event, or, to speak more accurately, it is said to have been the scene of an event, which goes far to prove that the centuries which have elapsed since the maritime venture just mentioned had not added to the wisdom of the place. The church was being restored, so we are informed, and the woodwork, as is usual in such cases, was being removed and sold, to be replaced no doubt, by the "gothic" of Southampton street, when a grocer in the village bought for a few shillings an oaken reading desk and the Bible chained to it. For some time he used the leaves of the Bible for trade purposes, and the desk and chain went the way of old wood and iron. But a friend, a book-

seller, suggesting that the Bible deserved better treatment, he was put into communication with an eminent collector who gave him £30 for what remained. This turned out to be a copy, so runs the tale, of the Great Bible of Henry VIII., in a perfect state—it was perfect when the church sold it—worth about £250, at least that may be called roughly its value; but as many years have elapsed since one was sold, it is very possible that twice or even thrice that sum might have been reached in an auction room. Our object is not to spread idle gossip, but to give the authorities of a highly respectable Lincolnshire parish, with a purely gothic and thoroughly "restored" church, an opportunity of denying the truth of a rumor which does them more discredit than even the exploit of their three wise men of old; for, as the heralds say, ancient disgrace, so it be ancient enough, is better than even modern honor, be it never so great.

The stolen portion of the "St. Anthony," by Murillo, the theft of which some two months ago created consternation throughout the whole art world, and which we noticed on page 146 of our last, has been recovered in this city through the judgment and tact of Mr. Schaus, the well-known dealer. Two Spaniards called at his gallery and stated that they had a head of St. Anthony, by Murillo, to sell; Mr. Schaus requested them to call again and bring the picture with them. They did so, and Mr. Schaus immediately recognized it as the stolen portion of the Seville picture. An agreement was made that the picture, which was tacked on a plain stretcher, should be left for a few days, and Mr. Schaus at once communicated with the Spanish consul. At his request, Mr. Schaus made the best terms he could, and purchased the picture for the ridiculously small sum of \$250. We regret to have to say that it has been badly damaged by being rolled. The thanks of all lovers of art are due to Mr. Schaus, who has acted in the matter with the greatest discretion, and who in the first instance informed the Spanish consul that he desired no pecuniary profit, but only wished to have the picture restored to its place in the Seville Cathedral.

The utterances of persons tortured to extort confessions used to be carefully taken down, and their import weighed at leisure by the officers of justice. A similar process is carried on by examining boards, and the record remaining in their hands of the results of the mental torture applied to their victims is, no doubt, as amusing as the archives of the judicial torturers must have been appalling, if we may judge from the specimens which occasionally come to light. A candidate at a recent examination in Paris lately gave an answer to the first question addressed to him, which deserves to rank with that of the youth who, being requested by the examiners in divinity at Oxford University to enumerate the major and minor prophets, declined to make invidious distinctions. "Come, sir," said the French examiner in an encouraging tone to the unpromising looking "subject," who came forward in his turn, "oblige me by telling me all you know of Louis XVI." "Sir," replied the young man, with a modest, yet dignified air, "I never make any individual the subject of idle gossip."

Bouccicault's name is so constantly before the public as the author of the most successful dramas of the time, that pains have been taken to ascertain as accurately as possible the number of plays he has written, and the number of times each has been performed: Bouccicault has written over four hundred plays. The names of the most successful are as follows, and to each is appended the number of times it has been performed. "The Colleen Bawn," 3,100 times; "Arrah-na-Pogue," 2,400; "London Assurance," 2,900; "Rip Van Winkle," 1,400; "Old Heads and Young Hearts," 1,259; "The Octoroon," 1,800; "Formosa," 1,100; "Jessie Brown," 820; "The Corsican Brothers," 2,200; "Don Cesar de Bazan," 1,700; "Used Up," 1,350; "The Willow Copse," 1,110; "The Streets of New York," 2,860; "Led Astray," 498. These are the leading ones. Others have had a run of from 100 to 1,000 nights each. The total number of all the performances must have been nearly 50,000. Assuming that the receipts to each performance averaged \$500, the money paid by the public to witness these works would amount to \$25,000,000. The profits of "London Assurance," when first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, as appears from the record of the management, were \$120,000; the profits of the "Colleen Bawn" were \$200,000 in one year; the profits of "Arrah-na-Pogue," \$180,000. The gross receipts of "Led Astray" last year at the Union Square Theatre amounted to \$154,000, of which \$80,000 were profit. On these four pieces the theatres cleared upwards of \$600,000. *Propos of Bouccicault*, the following paragraph appeared in a late issue of the *Spirit of the Times*:

"A Constant Reader," who seems to have had plenty of leisure, sends us the following sources of some of Bouccicault's plays. The list includes many of his latest 'originals': 'Colleen Bawn,' dramatized from the Collegians; 'Don Cesar de Bazan,' adapted from D'Emery's play of the same name; 'Willow Copse,' adapted from *Closerie des Genets* (Scribe); 'Shaughbran,' *Hotch-Potch*; 'Kerry,' plagiarized from Sunshine through the Clouds and La Joie Fait Peur; 'Belphegor,' adapted from l'Escamoteur; 'Rap-paree,' adapted from La Madonne des Roses; 'Daddy O'Dowd,' plagiarized from the Porter's Knot and Les Crochets du Pere Martin; 'Belle Lamar,' plagiarized from Edendale; 'London Assurance,' purchased from John Brougham; 'Rip Van Winkle,' plagiarized from Charles Burke's play of the same name; 'Corsican Brothers,' adapted from Dumas' Les Freres Cordes; 'After Dark,' adapted from Les Oiseaux; 'Janet Priddle,' adapted from Marie Jeanne, ou la Femme du Peuple; 'Used Up,' adapted from L'Homme Blase; 'Foul Play,' adapted from La Porte-Feuille Rouge; 'Louis XI,' adapted from Louis XI. (Par Delavigne); 'Streets of New York,' adapted from Les Pauvres de Paris; 'Man of Honor,' adapted from Le Fils Naturel; 'Led Astray,' adapted from La Tentation; 'Pauverette,' adapted from Les Bergeres des Alps; 'Andy Blake,' adapted from Le Gamin de Paris; 'Dark Night's Work,' adapted from Giralda (par Scribe); 'Night and Morning,' adapted from Le Joie Fait Peur; 'Jezabel,' adapted from Le Pendu; 'Sea of Ice,' adapted from La Priere des Naufrages. And the indefatigable 'Constant Reader' informs us that the subject is 'to be continued.'"

The Emperor Napoleon III. made a tolerable success as an author, though his "Cesar" was never purchased by the great reading public in large quantities. Not so, however, with the Persian Shah. This heathen monarch has published a diary of his visit to England. It is a quarto of two hundred and eight pages, badly printed, and of a very poor description in the matter of writing. The Shah is not at

all well learned in the Persian language, having spoken nothing but Turkish up to his eighteenth year. His book, therefore, is hardly readable. It is full of absurdities and blunders, which the Shah might have avoided by calling any of his interpreters to his assistance. The Captain of the British war ship Vigilant, Captain McClintock, is spoken of as being "known through his several voyages to the North-pole islands." The Shah gets mixed up among names of persons and places, which he invariably twists almost out of all semblance to the original. He dwells with evident pleasure upon the good things he had to eat, and is immensely flattered at the good impression he thinks he made upon the English populace, in regard to which he says: "Really, they cordially like me." The book contains a number of statements which will startle rather than instruct the uninformed reader; as, for instance, when it is stated that the people of London think very much of their police, and that anybody who shows any disrespect to the police must be killed. If the Shah's book makes its appearance in this country, a limited number of copies would be wanted to keep as curiosities.

In "Historic and Monumental Rome," C. J. Hemans has given students a manual on a subject of which he is master. We can warmly recommend this handy volume, which Williams & Norgate have just published. No visitor to Rome should be without it.

An interesting archæological discovery has, according to the French newspapers, been recently made near Mount St. Odile, at Obernai, Lower Rhine, by M. Felix Voulot, an Alsatian archæologist. On excavating a slight eminence resembling an ordinary heap of stones, within the area of the ruins known as the Heathens' Wall (Heidenmauer), he came upon six sarcophagi, which afforded, it is said, incontestable evidence of burial before the Roman period. But the most important discovery was that of a coffin, about six feet long, in which was the complete skeleton of a man. From the ornaments found with him it is conjectured that he was a Gallic priest. The ornaments consist of a collar artistically made of yellow amber, lapis-lazuli, and glass beads; large gold and silver earrings, an iron knife, an amulet of baked earth, a stone hatchet, similar to those which, according to the descriptions given by the ancients, were carried by the Druids; a handsome glass vessel supposed to be a sacrificial cup; shoes richly adorned with gold and silver, and a gold ring covered with hieroglyphics, and in an excellent state of preservation.

One of the literary novelties of the day is a practical Arabic Grammar, lately published by an Arab professor of the Ecole Normale at Versailles, Bel Kacem ben Sedira. Among the numerous works on the Arabic language none, perhaps, quite fulfils the purpose of practical instruction so efficiently as this one, as far as we know the first work written by a native Algerian subject for the education of French youths. Born at Biskra, on the borders of the desert, Bel Kacem was educated at the mixed French and Arab College of Algiers, where his progress was quite remarkable and where he obtained, by virtue of

a brilliant success in examination, a scholarship at the Ecole Normale. The young Arab professor is married to a charming French wife, and is so far devoted to his adopted country that, in the insurrection of 1871, he enrolled himself among the francs-tireurs, who succored the French colonists of the Metidja. It is quite easy to understand what literary advantages Bel Kacem, to whom French and Arabic are both equally familiar, would possess over his French predecessors in the same line; while none who have made themselves acquainted with Algerian affairs, and the confusion of the Bureaux Arabes, arising from broken French on one side and broken Arabic on the other, can doubt the importance of such efforts to promote and popularize Arabic studies throughout the colony.

The *Academy* understands that E. B. Nicholson, librarian to the London Institution, is preparing new editions of Mandeville and Gower. The former, which may be looked for during the year, will be illustrated with copious notes; the phraseology will remain unaltered, but the spelling will be sufficiently modernized to render Mandeville acceptable to general readers. Gower will also be annotated—for the first time; the text will be wholly reconstructed from an extensive collation of MSS.; and, besides the "Confessio Amantis," the edition will include the "Praise of Peace," at least one inedited English poem attributed to Gower, and his extant French poems.

A pamphlet, published in 1836, in Amsterdam, by Herr Van Marsdyck, to prove the Dutch origin of Beethoven, has been answered by M. Edouard Grégoir, who, in a short notice of the family of Beethoven, printed at Antwerp, claims the composer of the Nine Symphonies as of Flemish origin, tracing the pedigree of the Beethovens up to the seventeenth century at Leeftdael, near Louvain, and ascribing to a branch established at Antwerp towards 1650 a direct line up to Louis Beethoven (grandson of a musician), who left Antwerp for Bonn, and was the grandfather of the master mind. There are Beethovens now at Maestricht, Tongres and Tirlemont. The last member of the Antwerp branch was the mother of the marine painter, Jacob Jacobs, who is still living, and who supplied Mr. Grégoir with interesting particulars. She was named Marie Thérèse Van Beethoven, and died in Antwerp, 23d of January, 1824.

Several French journals have asserted that Prince Talleyrand's memoirs are about to be published, and the rumor has been accompanied by hints as to numerous "indiscretions" which will affect the reputation of certain statesmen still alive. We cannot, therefore, do better than reproduce an Occasional Note which appeared three years ago, and which will serve to allay the fears or hopes of M. de Talleyrand's surviving contemporaries:

A very general impression prevailed that Prince Talleyrand's memoirs would be shortly published, and it was even rumored that they were at the present moment in the press. Such, however, is far from being the case. It will be remembered that the Prince left testamentary directions enjoining that a space of thirty years at least should intervene between his decease and their publication, and naming M. de Bacourt, formerly First Secretary of the French Embassy in London,

his literary executor. This gentleman has recently died, and the papers and memoirs have reverted, by the terms of the Prince's will, to the Duchess de Sagan, his niece and legatee. It has been by her decided that they shall not see the light until 1898, so that the surviving contemporaries of the Bishop of Autun, who were in fear and trembling as to the unpleasant revelations which might be made concerning them, will have abundant time to disappear from the scene and to leave behind them some exculpatory evidence for the benefit of the next generation.

No change has been made in the arrangement referred to above, nor, so long as the Duchess de Sagan is alive, is there any probability that the date of the publication will be anticipated. It is said that when the terms fixed by the author expired, the Prince's executor showed the MS. to Napoleon III. who found that Thiers, Guizot and others were so badly treated that he asked to have its publication delayed for thirty years.

With the January number *The American Historical Record* has been enlarged and improved and its name changed into *Potter's American Monthly*. The department of American History has been retained as an essential feature, but other subjects have been embraced in its scope, and it now more nearly resembles our other illustrated magazines. The price remains unchanged. In its present form we certainly believe *Potter's American Monthly* has no equal of its class in the States, and we refer our readers to the four-page advertisement of the magazine at the end of this number, for a sample of the feast of good things offered for their digestion, and which proves the publishers have the amusement and instruction of their subscribers at heart. We wish *The American Monthly*, as it deserves, every possible success.

William Paterson, of Edinburgh, has thrown off an impression of 250 copies, in imperial folio, of Captain John Slezer's rare "Theatrum Scotiae." In this edition the descriptions are given in complete form, as in the original of 1693, with the additions contained in subsequent editions and illustrations by Dr. Jamieson, first published in 1814. The list of plates has been corrected according to the complete list furnished by David Laing to the second volume of the Bannatyne Club Miscellany; and the arms of the nobility to whom the various plates were dedicated, and which were only printed in the first edition, have been fac-similed and emblazoned in heraldic colors.

Mr. James's account in the [London] *Times* of the piracy by the Religious Tract Society of an American lady's book reminds us of a piece of poetry which, from its highly religious and moral tendency, the Tract Society might well republish on a sheet of paper. It would not cost much:

Steal not this book for fear of shame;
Therein you'll find the owner's name,
And on that day the Lord will say,
Where is that book you stole away?"

We are not quite sure whether this is to be found in Hymns Ancient and Modern, or in Lord Selborne's collection, but in all probability the publication would not be interfered with.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

The handsome volume which the State of Massachusetts has prepared as a tribute to Charles Sumner's

memory is embellished by a fine picture of Mr. Sumner, from Edgar Parker's admirable portrait, and contains the eulogies of George William Curtis and Carl Schurz, the speeches of members of the Legislature, an account of the obsequies, Whittier's poem, Robert B. Elliott's oration and Foote's sermon.

Mr. Walter Thornbury is preparing for the press a second edition of his "Life of Turner." The *Athenaeum* says it will contain many hitherto unpublished letters and a large number of fresh facts about the painter.

"The History of Advertising, from the Earliest Times," illustrated by anecdotes, curious specimens and biographical notes, with illustrations and facsimiles, by Henry Sampson, fully bears out the promise of its title, and is so varied in its contents as almost to defy description. A frontispiece, exemplifying the theme of the book by a view of the interior of a railway station at the present day, has realized the publishers nearly two thousand dollars, paid by the parties whose names are inserted in it. This is certainly a clever and happy illustration of its subject.

M. F. Lenormant gives, in the *Revue Archéologique*, an engraving and a short description of the statue of Antinous, found in the course of his excavations at Eleusis in 1860. He regards it, apparently with the consent of those who have seen it, as a work of the time of Hadrian. The peculiarity of the statue lies in the figure of an *omphalos* which rises from the base at the feet of Antinous. The presence of the *omphalos* of Apollo at Delphi at the feet of a god who was only a sort of Dionysos, is explained by M. Lenormant by a reference to the statement that Dionysos Zagreus met his death at that *omphalos*. If he is right so far, he is doubtless also right when he adds that the *omphalos* may thus have recalled the death of Antinous.

Lloyd, the map man, who made the maps for General Grant and the Union army, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print his Map of the American Continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40 by 50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the wall so as to stand washing. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys to 1875, with thousands of places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, &c.

M'Glashan & Gill, of Dublin, have ready a pamphlet in which an attempt will be made to prove that the character of Wolsey, put into the mouth of Griffith, in "Henry the Eighth," is copied almost verbatim from Campion's "History of Ireland."

The *Daily News* gives a curious illustration of the anomalous position held by actors and playwrights two centuries ago. "A certificate of baptism," it says, "has been discovered in Paris, dated March 30, 1671, in which Molière, as godfather, is registered as

'*valet de chambre* of the King,' and 'having no fixed domicile.' No allusion is made to Molière's occupation as actor and manager, or to his work as a dramatic poet, although the '*Misanthrope*,' the '*Tartuffe*,' the '*Ecole des Femmes*,' and indeed all the plays on which he and the literature of his country have become famous, were written long before the date of the certificate. The description of the poet as having no fixed domicile seems like an equivalent of the '*vagabonds*,' while the '*valet de chambre*' reminds us of the title of '*Her Majesty's Servants*,' by which English actors and playwrights have been variously designated." It is further noted that Massinger's "name was recorded in a burial register of St. Saviour, Southwark, with the words 'a stranger' appended as his only description."

Mr. M'Gee, the Dublin publisher, has in the press a republication from Shelley's prose works, edited by Mr. Arthur Clive, to be entitled "*Scintilla Shelleiana*."

A little book of French Epigrams, which once belonged to Thomas Moore, was sold lately in London for a few shillings. It contains one or two translations in pencil on the fly leaves. They are altered and polished most carefully, but do not seem to have ever been published. One is as follows:

"Clodio, that scribbling, chattering pest,
To me the other morning said,
'Which of my works do you like best?'
I answered, 'Those I have not read.'"

Another is varied several times:

"Prometheus, to punish his pilfering art,
Had a vulture to feed day and night on his heart:
Hadst thou, my good friend, been in his situation,
Alas for the bird! 't would have died of starvation."

This is a different version:

"Prometheus, to punish his pilfering, they say,
Had a vulture to feed on his heart night and day:
Hadst thou, my good friend, been in his situation,
The vulture, by Jove! would have died of starvation."

The Comtesse du Barry, in imitation of Madame de Pompadour, had formed a library of books, neatly bound in morocco, with her arms gilt on the sides. At her death, by the guillotine, her books were confiscated, and about 400 of them are still in the Municipal Library of Versailles. The rest were lost or stolen. A complete list of them has been found in duplicate in the Arsenal Library, and is now printed, with Introduction and Notes, by M. Paul Lacroix.

"A gentleman in this city, Mr. J. G. Barnwell," writes Mr. J. V. Whittaker, from Philadelphia, to the *Bookseller*, "who holds an honorary position in the Mercantile Library, has spent many years in gathering materials for a work on anonyms and pseudonyms. He has some 8,000 items in his collection, but I fear there is no chance of its being printed, as, while the cost of production is known, the profits to the producer must, to quote the words of Herbert Spencer, 'be relegated to the regions of the unknowable.'"

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., of London and Belfast, have just published a Catalogue of the engraved portraits exhibited by Mr. J. A. Rose at the opening of the Library and Museum of the Corporation of London in 1872. Biographical notices of some of the most eminent characters that are included in the collection are given. The volume is a medium quarto. One hundred copies only, we understand, have been printed. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mrs. Susanna Rose, engraved from a painting by Mr. Frederick Sandys.

The following early use of the expression, "Go to Jericho," has, we believe, never been hitherto noticed:

"If the Upper House, and the Lower House
Were in a ship together,
And all the base Committees, they were in another;
And both the ships were bottomlesse,
And sayling on the Mayne;
Let them all goe to Jericho,
And n'ere be seen againe."

These verses occur in the *Mercurius Aulicus* for March 23-30, 1648, the well-known Royalist paper of the time.

The *Athenæum* says that the Hunterian Club will follow the reprints of Samuel Rowland with the works of Thomas Lodge, the Elizabethan writer, of whom Phillips, the nephew of Milton, speaks as "one of the writers of those pretty old pastoral songs which were very much the strain of those times."

M. C. Felu, the armless painter of Antwerp, is now copying some pictures in the South Kensington Museum, London. The facility with which he manages his brush with the right foot, while holding his palette with the left, is marvellous.

Count Ladislas Plater, the celebrated Polish patriot, who recently founded the Polish Historical Museum at Rapperswyl, Switzerland, has purchased the library of the poet and writer, Leonard Chodsko, author of many works on Polish literature, and formerly chief librarian of the Sorbonne, Paris. This collection is said to contain many important books and manuscripts tending to throw light on Polish history. It has already been placed in the museum at Rapperswyl, which is rapidly—thanks to Count Plater's zeal—becoming famous throughout Europe.

Mr. E. A. Sothern, (Lord Dundreary,) presented funds for the repair of George Frederick Cooke's tomb in St. Paul's churchyard. Cooke died in 1812. The repairs have been completed, and the inscriptions on three of the sides read: South Side—"Erected to the memory of Geo. Fredk. Cooke by Edmund Kean, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1821. Three kingdoms claim his birth, both hemispheres pronounce his worth." North Side—"Repaired by Charles Kean, 1846." East Side—"Repaired by E. A. Sothern, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 1874."

Messrs. Chatto & Windus, of London, have in preparation a fac-simile edition of William Blake's Works, from the extremely rare, and in some cases

unique originals, drawn, printed, and colored by Blake's own hand. The fac-similes comprise "Songs of Innocence and Experience," 1789-94; "Book of Thel," 1789; "America: a Prophecy," 1793; "Vision of the Daughters of Albion," 1793; "Europe: a Prophecy," 1794; "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," 1800; "Jerusalem, the Emanation of the Giant Albion;" "Milton: a Poem," 1804; "First Book of Urizen," 1794; "The Song of Los," 1795.

The *Bulletin du Bibliophile* announces that M. Charles Nisard has discovered in the public library of Parma about 200 letters addressed to Father Paciadini, a learned monk of Parma, 152 of which are from the Comte de Caylus, and 48 from the Abbé Barthélemy. Most of the letters are of considerable length, and relate to antiquities, the news of Paris, the expulsion of the Jesuits from France and Portugal, literary news, especially bearing on the writings of the Encyclopedists, the Jesuits, etc. M. Nisard has obtained leave to copy this correspondence, and proposes to publish it with notes and explanations. No letter of the Comte de Caylus was previously known.

Like other innocent passions of the same kind, bibliomania is fickle in its loves. For instance, books printed in the fifteenth century, so eagerly sought and fought for in the golden times of the Roxburghe Club, are now fetching extremely moderate prices in public sales. A collection of such books is to be sold in Paris by auction on December 14th next. The Catalogue, published by M. A. Chossonnery, includes many fine copies of rare early editions by Conrad Dincmüt, Mentelin, J. Zeiner, Sorg, N. Kepler, Gruninger, Ottmar, Schussler, Fyner, Bocard, Wenzler, Vingle, Frommolt, N. de Lyra, Vend. de Spira, C. Zainer, &c.

The following is a copy of an anonymous letter lately sent to a Yorkshire clergyman. It refers to the engagement of a new pupil teacher for the village school:

"to the Rev— Sir if you do perest in haven that lad that scoole he have to be thear with himself as all the people say they will not let them tech thear cheldren and they are all goin to try to begen another scoole sum way or other they say he is the begest blackgard in the town I hard a man sa last Satday that befor is [child] should go to that scoole under such a fat head as that lad he would drenk the money in ale!"

England sends out in books, states the *Publishers' Circular*, six times the value she receives; and it is rather surprising to find that the United States absorbs nearly thirty-five per cent. of the four-and-a-half million dollars' worth exported. In the Continental exchange, England, as the land of dear books, gives less than she receives from France and Germany. From Holland she imports but a half of what she imports from Germany, yet a third more than from the United States (£13,560); from France, most of all (£46,958.) Such, at least, were the Custom House returns for 1872.

The family of Confucius, the descendants of the great moralist who taught "The useful science to be good," and "Do unto others as you would be done

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by," are still in the enjoyment of peaceful honors and perpetual succession. This is the more remarkable as hereditary aristocracy is utterly unknown in the vast equality of China. But the honors which Europe bestows on the descendants of robbers and conquerors, the Chinese bestow upon the posterity of a philosopher who lived 2,200 years ago. To use the words of a distinguished writer, "the family of Confucius is the most honorable in the world."

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The *Academy* says it may interest Orientalists to learn that Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, has identified, among unclassified Oriental coins in the British Museum, a silver coin of Shah Shujāa', second son of Shah Jehān, and one of the competitors for the throne in the war of the succession that ended with the accession of Aurangzeeb. The reverse area of the coin bears the inscription "Mohammed Shāh Shujāa', Bādhshāh Ghazee;" the obverse area bears the date 1068, and in the margin the names and qualities of the four orthodox Khaleefehs, a circumstance in direct contradiction of Aurangzeeb's charge of Shiya'ism. The coin in all respects bears a close resemblance to Murād Baksh's silver money (Princep, ed. Thomas, ii. p. 49, Useful Tables.)

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Baring-Gould is at work upon a book, to be entitled "Lost and Hostile Gospels," and to contain an account of the Toledoth Jescher, two Hebrew Gospels circulating among the Jews in the Middle Ages, with a critical investigation of the notices of Christ in the Talmud, as well as in Josephus and Justus of Tiberius. To this is added an investigation into the extant fragments of Gospels circulating in the first three centuries, which the author believes to have been drawn up either under Petrine or Pauline influence, while the canonical Gospels sprung from a Johannite party of conciliation.

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Apparently the new Opera House in Paris is to furnish a political scandal as well as a pleasure to the public. In the original plan there was an imperial box, as the plan was made under the empire, and this box still exists. There has consequently been some curiosity to know what disposition would be made of it. It is now reported that this box has been permanently hired to a club, and that the club will keep it "systematically empty," and so it will constantly stare the public in the face as the place where the Emperor ought to be.

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The Italian sculptor, Gaetano Barzaghi, is at present working upon an equestrian statue of Napoleon III., which is to be set up in Milan. It represents the late Emperor responding to the enthusiastic reception he met with on his entry into Milan, and is designed as a memorial tribute from that city. The statue is of life-size, and will be cast in bronze and placed upon a base of marble decorated with bas-reliefs. M. Tissot is painting portraits of the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Louis Napoleon. The latter is represented in his Woolwich uniform.

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An interesting manuscript poem on Bacon, being a warm defence of him by a contemporary admirer

and friend, written apparently just at the time of his condemnation by the House of Lords, will (the *Academy* says) be added to Mr. Morfall's forthcoming volume of "Elizabethan Political Ballads" for the Ballad Society.

They multiply libraries in America much more than we do in England. Since the war, for instance, a handsome library has sprung up at Washington, at the office of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army. It consists of no less than 25,000 volumes and 15,000 single pamphlets. The subjects of these works are, of course, for the most part, medicine and surgery, with the sciences akin to the same. A complete catalogue of the collection, in three large octavo volumes, has been published. The first two volumes contain the books arranged according to authors' names; the third gives a list of the anonymous works and periodicals. A fourth volume is in progress, intended to contain an index of subjects.—*Athenæum*.

On the 13th of October last, with befitting ceremonial, the mortal remains of Spain's greatest dramatic poet, Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, were removed from one of the chapels of San Francisco el Grande, Madrid, to the cemetery of San Nicolás. In the year 1869 the Government of that day issued a decree establishing as a National Pantheon the said church of San Francisco. The decree having become a dead letter, the Junta of the Sacramental of San Nicolás solicited and obtained permission from the present Government to deposit the ashes of the author of "La Vida es Sueño" in the modest grave from which they had been removed in 1869.

A commission has been appointed in Paris to decide whether the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, not long since put up in the Rue de Rivoli (Place des Pyramides), shall be taken down again as unworthy to continue to stand.

Another posthumous work by Mr. Mill is said to be in the press—an unfinished essay entitled "Socialism." It is also reported that ex-Marshal Bazaine is preparing a work which will, it is said, contain some startling revelations of the Second Empire, which he threatened on the eve of his trial to publish.

It appears that glass placed before pictures may, under certain circumstances, effectually preserve them against fire; of this a remarkable instance occurred at the burning of Woodfield House, Streatham, England. In this building Mr. Wallis's picture, "The Stonebreaker," was deposited with others, and, being glazed, escaped without the slightest injury; while other works, unglazed, surrounding it, were scorched, blistered, or utterly destroyed.

The monument to Théophile Gautier, which is being prepared by M. Drever, is spoken of as being a very fine work. The design, however, can scarcely be said to have the merit of originality. The pedestal is formed of a block of marble, sent by Belgium. On the top of this rests the usual monumental sar-

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cophagus, ornamented with crowns of immortelles, a lyre, and other emblems of poetry and fame. On the sarcophagus is seated the Muse of Poetry leaning on a bronze medallion likeness of the poet. The monument will be inaugurated, it is said, at the beginning of next year.

Greeley Memorial.—We have received the following, referring to a proposed:

"*Memorial Monument to Horace Greeley in Greenwood Cemetery.*—The Trustees of the Printers' Greeley Memorial respectfully announce to the printers of the nation and all friends favoring the movement, that they are now prepared to receive contributions to the fund, and can definitely say that the erection of an appropriate Monument to the Memory of Horace Greeley is assured. The Trustees feel it will be a pleasure for many, both in and out of the Craft, to contribute in aid of this commendable object. For many years Horace Greeley has been regarded as one of the leaders in the art, and many of the improvements now familiar to us are owing to his suggestions. Those who knew him personally will need no reminder. Checks should be made payable to the order of Peter S. Hoe, Esq., Treasurer. Communications may be addressed to W. W. Pasko, Esq., Secretary, 66 Cortlandt street, New York."

We have information from Brussels that the King of the Belgians, out of his own private purse, has founded an annual prize of 25,000 francs to be awarded for the best historical, commercial, or artistic book published in Belgium. The prize is, as a rule, restricted to native authors; but every four years foreigners will be admitted to compete, and foreign jurors will be allowed to act as judges.

Professor Curtius, the historian of Greece, has contributed to the Academy of Science in Berlin a long paper on the armorial devices of the ancient Greeks, showing how they came originally from Assyria, and were modified by the artistic sense of the Greeks. One has only to look at the now very rich collection of early engraved gems from the Greek Islands in the British Museum, to see how strongly with their constant choice of animal forms—mostly quadrupeds—they suggest Oriental influence.

Under the auspices of the Ateneo Veneto a fine quarto volume, with a portrait of Laura, has been published in Venice, of which only 250 copies have been printed. Among other papers are a learned report by Signor Valentinelli, Librarian of the Biblioteca Marciana, on the Petrarchian Codices contained therein; an Essay, by Signor Crespan, on the style and school of Petrarch, and on the principal Venetian Petrarchists; and an account by Signor Fulin, of "Petrarch before the Signoria."

We hear that Mr. Robert Clark, printer, of Edinburgh, has been for some time engaged in collecting information from antiquarian and other sources on the ancient game of golf. The matter thus collected will form a small quarto volume, which is now being privately printed by Mr. Clark himself. Some quaint and artistic illustrations will be contained in the volume, which is nearly ready.

The performance of the "Grande Duchesse" was once an important cabinet question. It was first forbidden as reflecting on Catherine II. of Russia, but

at the instigation of the authors was referred to the Russian Minister, and finally to Prince Gortschakoff, who returned the manuscript with the witty reply that, having never been to Gérolstein, he saw no reason for being sensitive about the morals of that state. We have heard it stated that Offenbach had in his mind's eye, the infamous Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, and also Queen Victoria, whose patronage of her highland gilly "John Brown," has made her the topic of scandal in the British Isles and elsewhere.

The library of the British Museum purchased no less than 3,415 manuscripts last year. Among them was a curious treatise in French on the Holy Sacrament, composed by King Edward VI., of England, in 1549, and written in his own hand.

It is announced from Berlin that Prince George of Prussia is engaged in writing a drama, the subject of which is taken from the Old Testament, and that, with a view of the better preparing himself for the careful working out of the plan, he has called in the aid of a distinguished Semitic scholar to direct him in regard to the correct exposition of the accessories of the piece.

A statue of Mirabeau has been offered by the French Government to the town of Aix, the work of the sculptor of the place, M. Trophème. It is placed in the Salle des Pas-Perdus, in the Cour d'Appel.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia offers three prizes, respectively of \$4,000, \$2,400, and \$1,600, for the best works "concerning the history of military operations on horseback, the functions, attributes, growth, development, and mutations of the cavalry in all ages and countries, and the general and particular theories and practices of cavalry operations." Foreigners are invited to compete, and January 1, 1877, is the last day for receiving the manuscripts.

Mr. Buckstone has written his autobiography. Mr. Walter Thornbury, a well-known London journalist, is editing the manuscript, which will soon be ready for the press. Mr. Buckstone has had a long and eventful stage career, and he ought to have his head stored with facts and gossip entertaining to persons interested in theatrical affairs. He was a prominent actor more than fifty years ago, and had written thirty or forty farces and other short pieces before that time. He is now playing "Asa Trenchard" to Mr. Sothern's "Dundreary" at the London Haymarket Theatre.

"*The End Justifies the Means.*"—This, like many other points of belief and practice, may be clearly traced to pagan sources. Speaking on this point, Lactantius says (*De Falsa Sapiaentia*, lib. iii., 15): "Faciet sapiens (inquit idem Seneca) etiam quæ non probabit, ut etiam ad majora transitum inveniat." The wise man, says the same Seneca, will do things which he disapproves of, in order to compass higher ends.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"When found make a note of."—*Capt. Cottle.*

[OUR CORRESPONDENTS will, we trust, excuse our suggesting to them, both for their sakes as well as our own—that they should write clearly and distinctly—and on one side of the paper only—more especially proper names and words and phrases of which an explanation may be required. We cannot undertake to persuade out what a Correspondent does not think worth the trouble of writing plainly.—Ed.]

The Sacred Lotus.—In India, China, and other Eastern countries which I have visited, where the Brahminical or Buddhist religions prevail, there are, as is well known, two species of this plant of peculiar interest. The root of the smaller and the seeds of the larger, or true lotus of mythology, are edible. The former, however, is insignificant as compared with the emerald bucklens, and snowy or roseate-crested corolla of the latter; which, moreover, is remarkable for having a curious funnel-shaped seed receptacle, rising from the centre of the blossom, in the form of a reversed cone, usually about three inches high, and whose sides are exactly equal to the diameter of its disc, from which the seeds slightly protrude. It is on this beautiful flower that Vishnu, the creator of the material universe, is represented as enthroned, while calling into existence those successive æons, which, to a certain extent, correspond with the periods of the geologist; but it is only the petals of the flower, on which the Hindoo god is seated, that are visible, and, apparently, not without design.

The veneration of the lotus, it is allowed, originated with the Aryan race, which, in what may be called the youth of mankind, read the book of Nature with a spiritual insight, and scarcely required any special revelation to teach it that, perhaps, the best sermons may be found in stones, and "books in the running brooks," for inanimate Nature is full of hieroglyphics quite as remarkable as those of the celebrated Letter-tree of Thibet. Yet, the "primrose by the river's brim" may be to one "a yellow primrose and no more," while to another it is a note, if not a page, in the golden book.

One may in fancy picture, at the first flush of the Oriental dawn, the prehistoric Aryan, by the margin of some Asian lake, breaking his fast on the seeds of the wondrous lily, whose peltate leaves are floating on the still and shadowy expanse before him; and contemplating the peculiarity of their exhausted receptacle, until on his mind flashed the first light of mathematical science, he invested with a divine interest the circle and equilateral triangle combined in its form, and then glorified the flower whose fruit, by two pure signs, admitted him into the arcana of the universe.

But in course of time, to veil the true signification of the object of their veneration, the early priests showed only the petals of the blossom to the vulgar, and reserved for their own order a knowledge of the inner and true throne of the god.

I should not have ventured on the above remarks, but for the circumstance that I am not aware that any suggestion or explanation has yet been offered of the cause of the high estimation in which the sacred lotus is held by Oriental nations. Sp.

Literary Productions of the Bonaparte Family (vol. vi, pp. 71, 153).—"Erl Rygenhoeg," in his two communications, alludes to the descent of Napoleon Bonaparte; in elucidation of this subject, I lay before the readers of the BIBLIOPOLIST the following extract from "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by W. H. Ireland, Esq.," Vol. I, pp. 1 and 2:

Some doubts are entertained upon this subject, [Napoleon's Italian Extraction] and it has been surmised that Napoleon himself pretended he was of French origin; be that, however, as it may, a legal instrument, bearing the sign manual of Henry II. of France, and dated about the year 1552, was inspected by the writer when in Paris. It contained a royal grant of certain lands to divers individuals, among the number of whom appeared the name of a Bonaparte, without any designation of his being an Italian, which proved the case in describing other individuals enumerated in the same grant.

When Napoleon began to render himself obnoxious to the British government, every endeavor was made to vilify his character, by ascribing to him some low and obscure descent, as if birth could in any way influence the moral conduct of an individual. Among those assertions it was stated that the father of Bonaparte had been a butcher, his mother a washerwoman, and that the Emperor himself began his career as a common soldier. Now, taking it for granted that his parent had followed the trade above described, it

would not prove the only instance of a French dynasty springing from such an ignoble stock; as, according to Dante, the first of the *Capets* was a butcher. See the twentieth canto of his *Purgatory*, in which the shade of *Hugues Capet* is made to exclaim, "*Figliuol fui d'un beccajo di Parigi*;" "I was the son of a butcher of Paris."

Such however, was not the case with Napoleon, who, on the paternal side, was descended from a very ancient and illustrious Florentine family, while that state continued a republic. At the period alluded to, the dissensions which prevailed occasioned many emigrations from Florence, among which was that branch of the Bonaparte family whence Napoleon descended.

On the subject of family pedigree, Bonaparte thus ludicrously expressed himself: "The Emperor Francis, whose head is crammed with ideas of elevated birth, was extremely anxious to demonstrate that I was a descendant from some of the old tyrants of Treviso; and, after my marriage with Maria Louisa, employed several persons to make researches among the old musty records of genealogy, in which he thought something might appear to prove what he desired. Conceiving, at length, that his efforts were crowned with success, he wrote to me and required my consent that the account should be published with all official formalities. This I refused; but so intent was he upon the favorite topic, that he again applied, stating, 'Leave me to act,' as I had no need to interfere. I replied that such a step was impossible, for, if published, I could not do other than notice the same; that I preferred being the offspring of an honest man to a descent from any little dirty tyrant of Italy; that I was the *Rodolph of my own family*. There was formerly," added Napoleon, "one Buonaventura Bonaparte, who lived and died a monk. That poor man lay quietly in his grave; nothing being thought concerning him until I had ascended the throne of France. It was then discovered that he had possessed many virtues, never before attributed to him; and the Pope gravely proposed to me his canonization: *Holy father, said I, for the love of God, spare me the ridicule of that step; you being in my power, all the world will say that I forced you to create a saint out of my family.*"

When the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa was on the eve of solemnization, the French Emperor, in reply to some remonstrances made upon the subject, observed, "*I should not enter into this alliance, if I was not aware of her origin being equally as noble as my own.*"

The collection of documents, extracted from the archives of various towns of Italy, being presented to the Emperor, from which it appeared the family of the Bonapartes had, at a very remote period, been Lords of Treviso, he having merely glanced his eye over the contents, threw the paper into the fire, exclaiming, with energy, "*I wish my nobility to commence only with myself, and to derive all my titles from the French people.*"

NAREHTOS SELRAHC.

Two Monuments to the Memory of Gustavus Adolphus.—The level plains of Saxony are thickly dotted with monuments

commemorative of the terrible battles of which they have been the theatre. Two of the most important are those of Breitenfeld (1631) and Lutzen (1631). That on the field of Breitenfeld, to the memory of Gustavus Adolphus, is at some distance from the high road, on a narrow and prettily shaded lane running through cultivated fields. The monument consists of a square block of granite, set on a little mound of earth, well trodden by the footsteps of the pilgrims to this historic shrine. On the north side is the inscription, "*Glaubens, Freiheits für die Welt*;" on the west, overlooking the low meadow the scene of the fiercest struggle, are the words, "*Rettete bei Breitenfeld*;" on the south, "*Gustav Adolph Christ und Held*;" and on the east, "*Am 17 September 1631—1831.*" Nine trees, planted closely around the monument, act as sentinels to guard the stone from any act of vandalism. In such presence, I can imagine no one capable of any attack on the inanimate stone.

The monument at Lutzen is far more elaborate, and, it must be said, does no credit to German taste. The first indication we have of its location is a clump of evergreens rising alongside of the dusty highway, as we approach from Lutzen. Surrounded by this little grove stands the monument, if such it may be called. In the centre is a large block of granite, of irregular shape, though somewhat triangular in form. Against the stone the heart's blood of the great Protestant hero ebbed away, and with little effort we can imagine the rough block to be stained with his blood. On the stone itself is roughly hewn the letters

G. A.

1632.

Surrounding it on three sides are steps, three in number, supporting high iron pillars crowned with a fretted roof all in iron. The base of the roof is ornamented with appropriate texts from the Scriptures in German. The whole is protected by a neat iron railing, with four melancholy yew trees guarding each corner.

GEORGE A. ISELIN.

Bookbinding; Engravings; Chaucer Quotations; etc.—It is well known that fine books ought not to be bound when first issued

from the press, but merely covered loosely, in boards or cloth, until a sufficient length of time has elapsed for the ink to dry thoroughly, so that it will not run or transfer. It is advisable indeed, when practicable, to purchase new works in sheets directly from the publishers. The purchaser can then choose his own time for having the books bound according to his taste.

Wanted to know *how long* an interval between the printing of a book and its final binding in morocco, calf or russia, preparatory to instating it in its honorable place on the library shelf, is necessary to insure it against the damage resulting from pressure or hammering in the process of binding, while the ink is fresh?

2. And further, how long a time must the binding of engravings be postponed? Power's "Handy-Book About Books," p. 128, (English edition), quoting from *Notes and Queries*, gives the following as a rule: "(4.) Never compress a book of plates in binding, as it injures the text of the impressions." Ordinarily, I believe, plates are not inserted until after that portion of the binding process which involves the greatest pressure has been performed; but the book, if I mistake not (having no practical knowledge of the art of book-binding), is yet subjected to more or less pressure after the insertion of the plates. I suppose, then, that the rule above quoted either does not apply to old engravings and those that have been allowed time to dry, or else its meaning is that plates should never be bound up in books at all, but only confined in loose wrappers.

3. Is there any known means of preventing photographs from fading?

4. Has Hancock's method of "Binding with Caoutchouc Solution" (Power's Handy-Book, p. 136,) been patented in the United States? If so, is the use of the India rubber solution an infringement of this patent? Is the India rubber solution much used, in this country or elsewhere? What are the objections, if any, to its employment in lieu of glue? And, finally, what is the comparative cost of it in binding?

5. "For he would rather have at his bed-head
A twenty books, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, or his philosophy,
'Than robes rich, rebeck, or saltery."

The foregoing lines from Chaucer are quoted by Mr. Oldbuck in Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary," chapter iii. In what poem do they occur, and what is the number of the first line of the quotation?

G. L. H.

[1. The time will partly depend on the quality of the paper and ink. One to two years should suffice.
2. The books are necessarily subject to some pressure after the book is in leather; if the plates are old, pressure does not injure them. Plates in loose wrappers would probably get injured.
3. No.
4. The subject is not worth considering. The binding and India rubber is a sheer waste of money. The books melt out in warm weather.—Ed.]

The Great Egyptian Medical Papyrus.—Through a kind communication from Professor Dr. George Ebers of Leipzig, Germany, the discoverer of the above MS., I am permitted to give the following interesting information concerning the same:

The Manuscript in question is a perfect hand-book of Egyptian medical science, and in size surpassed only by the great Harris Papyrus in the British Museum. We do not pretend to say that the physicians of our time have much to learn from their embalmed predecessors of the Nile, yet this Papyrus—which was exhibited before the Hamatic Section of the Oriental Congress by the discoverer, Prof. Ebers, where it caused considerable attraction—may afford them a rich source whence may be drawn the history of their science from its earliest dawn. The 109 pages (Tafeln), fac-simile of this venerable Manuscript, written in the sixteenth century before Christ, will be accompanied by a detailed introduction, a translation of all the diseases, and an alphabetical index of all the words contained in the Ebers Papyrus. We know already that at this remote period, Egypt stood in political and commercial relation with the neighboring states of western Asia; but the Papyrus teaches us further that there already existed an interchange of thought and knowledge. Not only a vast number of medicaments procured from Asia are alluded to, but we find also recipes borrowed from a celebrated physician of the town of Byblos in Phœnicia. Other recipes are derived from still older writings, as, for instance, "The Book of the Wisdom of Men."

The introduction and translation of this

medical Papyrus will be given by Professor Dr. Ebers in German, the glossary in Latin. By a new process, the fac-simile of the Papyrus is imitated with surprising fidelity. The whole, 2 vols. folio, will be ready about February for sale at Mr. Wilhelm Engelmann's Bookstore, Leipzig, who, it may not be amiss to mention, is the purchaser, and who has not spared any pains nor cost to furnish, in every respect, a handsome edition of this valuable document.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the value and merit of this newly discovered Manuscript, which, it is not too much to say, cannot be equalled by anything of its kind. We hope, therefore, that those of our large libraries which do not possess any Papyrus Manuscript in the original will not fail to procure the edition of the above described book.

FREDERICK SCHRÖDER.

Aretino Print, by Marc Antonio Raimondi, (vol. vi., p. 146).—The last number of the *BIBLIOPOLIST* contains a slightly erroneous statement in reference to a print by Marc Antonio, sold in December, 1873, from the Howard collection, for 780 guineas, which sum, by the way, should read 780 pounds; but this difference between pounds and guineas is very trifling when one has made up his mind, or has been induced in the excitement of an auction, to bid up to such figures for an imperfect article. The error particularly referred to is in the assertion that the portrait of Aretino in question is a proof before part of the inscription had been cut, while the fact is that it is a proof after part of the inscription had been cut; and the print is really an imperfect one, a portion of the bottom of the piece, intended for the inscription, having been cut off to the extent of fully half an inch. It is no doubt true, as stated in the catalogue, that a portion of the inscription was not engraved upon the plate when the impression offered for sale was taken from it, but the writer of the notice herein criticised must have misunderstood the remark in the catalogue in reference to the cutting, which was intended to be deprecatory of the unfortunate condition of the print, in wanting a portion of the impression from the plate.

It may be interesting here to introduce the lines under this remarkable portrait, which are as follows:

PETRVS ARRETINVS ACERRIMVS
VIRTVTVM AC VITIORVM
DEMONSTRATOR.

The full inscription contains four lines more of complimentary Latin. The print measures, including the space beneath of one inch for the inscription, eight inches in height by 5½ in breadth, and the further indications of the proof state of the Howard specimen are in the absence of the ornamental bands upon the cap, and the want of the monogram on the right side. Bartsch thus panegyricizes the production: "C'est la mieux gravée, la plus terminée, et, en même temps, la plus artiste de tout de l'œuvre de Marc Antoine." A poor photograph of reduced size was inserted in the catalogue, and a very beautiful one of the finished print, of the full size, may be found in the "Heliogravure of Amand Durand," 3d vol., 2d series, No. 13.

The other proof impression existing is in the British Museum. It is perfect, and in 1860 was among the specimens of the art of engraving exhibited in the show-cases to the public. Mr. Carpenter, the then Curator of the Museum prints, told the writer that he had purchased it of a German, not long before, with a lot of engravings, for a comparatively small sum, and he presumed, if it were offered for sale and well advertised, it would bring £100. If this is really the only perfect one, and the other existing specimen, in an imperfect condition having sold for £780, what would the perfect one now bring? An interesting question for the calcographimaniacs.

There is another statement in the paragraph of the December *BIBLIOPOLIST*, referring to the sale of the remainder of the Howard prints, which took place in November, 1874, which is open to criticism. The "gem" of this sale is there stated to be the "Jan Antonides Vander Linden" of Rembrandt. As this portrait of the Leyden Professor brought only £11, while the "Christ Before Pilate," of the same artist, fetched £251, and "The Crucifixion" £211, and the "Hundred Guilder" £106, and no less than forty-six of the Rembrandt etchings sold for more than £11 apiece, we

are forced to believe that the "gem" must have been minus the purest ray serene, which opinion will be confirmed on reading in the catalogue that "Jan Antonides," although of the first state and presque unique as such, is greatly deficient in condition, the margin at the bottom, which occupies two inches of the plate, having been cut away.

It may be further observed, in reference to this last Howard Catalogue, that Mr. Reid, of the British Museum, remarked that the prints were generally better than they were described to be—a statement from a first-rate authority, but which will hardly apply to any other sale catalogue of modern times. Notwithstanding this apparent error on the side of truthfulness, the result of the sale was much higher than had been anticipated.

H. F. S.

[We are much obliged to our good-natured critic H. F. S., who, we might incidentally state, is the best authority on ancient prints in this country, for pointing out the errors in a cutting in our last, reprinted verbatim from the *Pall Mall Budget*. Our readers are referred to the graphic description of the sale of the remainder of the Howard prints, in this number, by William W. Sabin, and also to the *Athenæum* account of that portion of the collection chosen by the British Museum authorities.—Ed.]

Bibliographia Stenographica.—My friend, J. Eglington Bailey, Esq., author of "The Life of Thomas Fuller, with Notices of his Books, his Kinsmen and his Friends," is at present engaged upon a Bibliography of Works on Shorthand, and has desired me to give him any assistance in my power. I therefore now ask, will any of the correspondents of the BIBLIOPOLIST be so good as to furnish me with titles of works bearing on the subject?

CHARLES SOTHERAN,

84 Nassau street, New York.

Parallel Passages.—I. "Vows Traced in Sand," &c.

One eve of beauty, when the sun

Was on the waves of Guadalquivir,

To gold converting, one by one,

The ripplea of that mighty river;

Beside me on the bank was seated

A Seville girl, with auburn (?) hair,

And eyes that might the world have cheated,

A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand
You would have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
Three words she wrote, and not one more;
What could Diana's motto be?
The syren wrote upon the shore:
"Death, not inconstancy."

And then her two large, liquid eyes
So turned on mine, that, devil take me,
I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived
By such an eye, and such a hand;
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand.

[Imitated from the Spanish of Montemayor.]

"This record will forever stand.
Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."

[Byron's "Hours of Idleness," lines "To Woman."]

Imitations of Montemayor's verses might be quoted by scores; and the last line of the quotation from Byron had grown into a proverb (in Spain, at least, as he himself confesses, and probably everywhere else,) before *his* day. The idea is, at all events, as old as Catullus:

"Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle,
Quam mihi; non si se Jupiter ipse petat.
Dicit: Sed mulier cupido, quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapidâ scribere assortet aqua."

"Carmen," lxx.

II. *Lovers' Perjuries*.—The following lines of Callimachus strongly resemble those of Catullus above quoted, especially in the repetition which introduces the closing thought, or the *point*. Not having the original at hand, I give the English:

"Calignotus swore to Ionis that he would never have a male or female friend dearer than her. *He swore so*; but they say truly that lovers' vows never enter into the ears of Immortals."

"At lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs."

Shakespeare, "Rom. and Jul., ii., 2.

ERL RYGENHOEG.

Greenville, Ala.

Paul Jones's Action (vol. vi., p. 154.)
—I am much obliged for the full information given as to Captain Pearson, of the Serapis. I dare say you will kindly add to that obligation. The painting in question is by an amateur, Thomas Mitchell, Esq., surveyor of the navy about the above date. I believe several large ships,

possibly the Royal George, were from his designs. I should be glad to hear any particulars of him or of his work. He was self-taught as a painter, but exhibited much skill and power. Having perfect knowledge of ship construction, and being acquainted with all the naval heroes of the time, who gave him personal descriptions of their battles, he had some special qualifications. Among the pictures by him is Lord Rodney's engagement, that of the Isis and Cæsar, and many others. I believe some by him are in Greenwich Hospital. The battle of the Isis and Cæsar was a very gallant affair; the former, a fifty-gun ship, under Capt. Raynor, beat off a French of seventy-four guns, whose captain, the celebrated Bourgainville, lost an arm in the action. What was the subsequent career of Capt. Raynor? E. ELTON.

"*Defender of the Faith*" (vol. vi., pp. 129, 154).—The early use of this title was well investigated in "Notes and Queries," 1st S. ii. 442, 481, and iii. 94. I may add that the Bull of Pope Leo X., conferring the title on Henry VIII., is in Rymer's "*Fœdera*," tom. xiii, p. 756, with a fac-simile of the original, which expressly mentions that the title was conferred on Henry on account of his book against Luther. This was in that king's fifteenth year; and I have looked through the numerous documents in Rymer back to the twenty-second year of Henry VII., without finding a single instance of the use of this title by either sovereign before the date of the Bull, though many of them set out the royal titles at full length, such as formal treaties of marriage, &c. (13 Rymer 77, 107, 167, 185, 310), and one of them (p. 354) consists of articles of agreement made eleven years before the Bull between King Henry VIII., Pope Leo X., the Archduchess of Austria, and other princes, expressly for the defence of the church. In this, if anywhere, one would expect to find him styled "*Defender of the Faith*," if the English kings ever used it before the date of the Bull, yet in it the royal style is merely "*Henricus, Dei gratia, Rex Angliæ et Franciæ et Dominus Hiberniæ*," the same as in the other documents above cited. After this it is difficult to believe in the

genuineness of the Lease of 22 Henry VII., mentioned by OLD MORTALITY, p. 129, which actually gives the words "*Defender of the Faith*" as part of that King's style or title. Sir Edward Coke, whose acquaintance with the deeds of the Tudor period was unrivalled, gives the style and title of the successive kings down to his time, and says, "If a deed in the style of the king name him '*Defensor fidei*' before 13 Henry VIII., or '*supreme head*' before 20 Henry VIII., it is certainly forged" (Coke on Littleton, 7 a). And none of the charters, writs, or documents, cited in "Notes and Queries," 1st S. ii. 481, or iii. 94, shows a use of these words as part of the king's title, which seems never to have varied from the time of Henry VI. down to 13 Henry VIII. (*vide* Sir H. Nicolas's "*Chronology of History*," 376, 2nd edit., who extracts from Sir T. D. Hardy's "*Introduction to the Charter Rolls*"). The lease therefore cited by OLD MORTALITY is unique, and would certainly astonish Sir T. D. Hardy. Is it possible to get a sight of it? JOSEPH BROWN.

[In further illustration of this controversy, we reprint the accompanying article from W. S. Gibson's "*Lectures and Essays on various subjects, Historical, Topographical and Artistic*," pp. 300-3, and which was there reproduced from "Notes and Queries," vol. ii, p. 481.—Ed.]

"It is quite startling to be told that the title of '*Defender of the Faith*' was used by the royal predecessors of Henry VIII.

"Selden ('*Titles of Honor*,' ed. 1631, p. 54.) says:—'The beginning and ground of that attribute of "*Defender of the Faith*," which hath been perpetually in the later ages added to the style of the Kings of England (not only in the first person, but frequently also in the second and in the third, as common use shows in the formality of instruments of conveyance, leases, and such like), is most certainly known. It began in Henry VIII. For he, in those awaking times, upon the quarrel of the Romanists and Lutherans, wrote a volume against Luther,' &c.

"Selden then states the well-known occasion upon which this title was conferred, and sets out the Bull of Leo X. (then extant in the collection of Sir Robert Cotton, and now in the British Museum), whereby the Pope, 'holding it just to distinguish those who have undertaken such pious labors for defending the faith of Christ, with every honor and commendation,' decrees that to the title of King the subjects of the royal controversialist shall add the title '*Fidei Defensor*.' The pontiff adds, that a more worthy title could not be found.

"Colonel Anstruther ('*Notes and Queries*,' vol. ii., p. 442) calls attention to the statement made by Mr. Christopher Wren, Secretary of the Order of the Garter (A.D. 1736), in his letter to Francis Peck,

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on the authority of the Register of the Order in his possession (which letter is quoted by Burke, 'Dorm. and Ext. Baronage,' iv. 408), that 'King Henry VII. had the title of Defender of the Faith.' It is not found in any acts or instruments of his reign that I am acquainted with, nor in the proclamation on his interment, nor in any of the epitaphs engraved on his magnificent tomb, for which, see Sandford's History. Nor is it probable that Pope Leo X., in those days of diplomatic intercourse with England, would have bestowed on Henry VIII., as a special and personal distinction and reward, a title that had been used by his royal predecessors. It is true that in Matthew Paris the title of Defender is given to the King, in 1245; and Knyghton, anno 1387, records a commission in which Richard II. assumed the title of Defender of the Catholic Faith. Except in these cases, I am not aware that the title is attributed to the sovereign in any of the English records anterior to 1521; but that many English kings gloried in professing their zeal to defend the Church and religion, appears from many examples. Thus, in 15 Edw. III. the Commons say their gift of a ninth to the King was for his defence of the kingdom and the Holy Church of England. (Rot. Parl. in anno.) Henry IV., in the second year of his reign, promises to maintain and defend the Christian religion (Rot. Parl. iii. 466); and on his renewed promise, in the fourth year of his reign, to defend the Christian faith, the Commons piously grant a subsidy (*Ibid.* 493); and Henry VI., in the twentieth year of his reign, acts as 'keeper of the Christian faith.' (Rot. Parl., v. 61.)

"In the admonition used in the investiture of a knight with the insignia of the Garter, he is told to take the crimson robe, and being therewith defended, to be bold to fight and shed his blood for Christ's faith, the liberties of the Church, and the defence of the oppressed. In this sense the sovereign and every knight became a sworn defender of the faith. When the clergy, in 1530, gave the King the title of Head of the Church, they intended no more than their forefathers did when they called the King the 'Defender,' 'Patron,' 'Governor,' 'Tutor' of the Church.

"The Bull of Leo X., which confers the title on Henry VIII. personally, does not make it inheritable by his successors, so that none but that King himself could claim the honor. The Bull granted two years afterwards by Clement VII. merely confirms the grant of Pope Leo to the King himself. It was given, as we know, for his assertion of doctrines of the Church of Rome; yet he retained it after his separation from the Roman Catholic Communion, and after it had been formally revoked and withdrawn by Pope Paul III. in the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII., upon the King's apostasy in turning suppressor of religious houses. In 1543, the Reformation legislature and the anti-papal King, without condescending to notice any Papal Bulls, assumed to treat the title the Pope had given and taken away, as a subject of Parliamentary gift, and annexed it for ever to the English crown by statute 35 Hen. VIII. c. 3, from which I make the following extract, as its language bears upon the question: 'Whereas our most dread, &c. lord the King hath heretofore been, and is justly, lawfully, and notoriously known,

named, published, and declared to be King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England, and also of Ireland, in earth Supreme Head; and hath justly and lawfully used the title and name thereof as to his Grace appertaineth. Be it enacted, &c., that all and singular his Grace's subjects, &c. shall from henceforth accept and take the same his Majesty's style . . . viz., in the English tongue by these words, Henry the Eighth, by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England, and also of Ireland, in earth the Supreme Head; and that the said style, &c. shall be, &c. united and annexed for ever to the imperial crown of his highness's realms of England.'

"By the supposed authority of this statute, and notwithstanding the revocation of the title by Pope Paul III., and its omission in the Bull addressed by Pope Julius III. to Philip and Mary, that princess, before and after her marriage, used this style, and the statute having been re-established by 1 Eliz. c. 1., the example has been followed by her royal Protestant successors, who wished thereby to declare themselves Defenders of the anti-papal Church. The learned Bishop Gibson, in his 'Codex' (i. 33., note), treats this title as having commenced in Henry VIII. So do Blount, Cowel, and such like authorities.

"Since writing the above, I have found (in the nineteenth volume of 'Archæologia,' pp. 1-10) an essay by Mr. Alexander Luders on this very subject, in which that able writer, who was well accustomed to examine historical records, refers to many examples in which the title 'Most Christian King' was attributed to, or used by, English sovereigns, as well as the kings of France; and to the fact, that this style was used by Henry VII. as appears from his contract with the Abbat of Westminster, (Harl. MS. 1498.) Selden tells us that the emperors had from early times been styled 'Defensores Ecclesiæ;' and, from the instances cited by Mr. Luders, it appears that the title of 'Most Christian' was appropriated to Kings of France from a very ancient period; that Pepin received it (A.D. 755) from the Pope, and Charles the Bald (A.D. 859) from a Council: and Charles VI. refers to ancient usage for this title, and makes use of these words: '—nostro progenitorum imitatione—evangelicæ veritatis—DEFENSORES—nostro regia dignitas divino Christianæ religionis titulo gloriosius insignitur—.'

"Mr. Luders refers to the use of the words, 'Nos zelo fidei catholicæ, cujus sumus et erimus Deo dante Defensores, salubriter commoti,' in the charter of Richard II. to the Chancellor of Oxford, in the nineteenth year of his reign, as the earliest instances he had met with of the introduction of such phrases into acts of the kings of England. This zeal was for the condemnation of Wycliff's 'Trialogus.' In the reign of Henry IV. the writ 'De Hæretico comburendo' had the words 'Zelator justitiæ et fidei catholicæ cultor;' and the title of 'Très Chrétien' occurs in several instruments of Henry VI. and Edward IV. It appears very probable that this usage was the foundation of the statement made by Chamberlayne and by Mr. Christopher Wren; but that the title of Defender of the Faith was used as part of the royal style before 1521, is, I believe, quite untrue."]

"*God save the Mark,*" &c. (vol. vi., p. 129).—Does not the word *mark*, in these phrases, mean the sign of the cross, which the speaker is supposed to make on using the untoward word or words? J. B.

That this was "a parenthetic apology for some profane or vulgar word" is most probable; for, until quite recently, there existed a peculiar mode of swearing amongst the profane and vulgar in Warwickshire, England. A man would utter an imprecation, and then immediately add, parenthetically, "God forgive me that I should say so." The apology seems now to have assumed the general forms, "Excuse the remark," and "Pardon the expression," usually prefacing some observation of unusual severity. C. CHATTOCK, F.R.H.S.

Motley's "*Life of John of Barneveld*" and *Gaspar Scioppius*.—Mr. Motley, in the above work, quotes a passage from Scioppius, and styles him "*the Jesuit Scioppius*" (vol. ii. p. 100). Now Scioppius never belonged to the Society of Jesus, and he might well be called the scourge of that body. No individual perhaps, Pascal excepted, ever did so much by the use of literary weapons to accomplish their overthrow as this fierce and redoubtable writer. I have collected upwards of twenty published tracts against them undoubtedly written by him, and which are not enumerated in the carefully prepared list of his works in *Niceron* (vol. xxxv., art. "Scioppius"), and there are many more yet existing in manuscript in the Laurentian Library at Florence and elsewhere. He endeavored to set in motion a general crusade against them, and, could he have had his desire, would have exterminated the whole body. No wonder, therefore, that one of their great heads should have exclaimed, "I care not for kings and princes if I could only muzzle that dreadful dog (*canem grammaticum*) at Padua." In his last days he lived a voluntary prisoner in his house at that city, from a constant fear of assassination by the emissaries of the Society of Jesus.

JAS. CROSSLEY.

Rosalie, or Rose Poe.—I have a newspaper clipping, without date or name of place,

conveying the information that "Miss Rose Poe, the only surviving sister of the late Edgar A. Poe, died in this city to-day, aged 68." The name of this lady, as given by E. A. Poe himself, in a letter to Griswold, was Rosalie. Wanted to know the date and place of her death.

Greenville, Ala. ERL RYGENHOEG.

Advice to Book Borrowers.—

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study—not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, when often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly—Pause frequently—
Think seriously.

Keep cleanly—Return duly,
With the corners of the leaves not turned down.

Who is the author of the above lines, which I recently came across affixed to the end papers of a book?

NAREHTOS SELRAHC.

Bugby, or Bugbee, Family.—The writer is anxious to hear of any members of this English family in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The traditions are that the family was settled in the Midland Counties and about London. The American branch descends from two brothers, who sailed from Ipswich about 1630.

JOHN E. BAILEY.

Stretford, Manchester, Eng.

[Correspondents will oblige by sending their replies to us for transmission direct to Mr. Bailey.—Eds.]

"*The Ships Sail Out, etc.*" (vol. vi, p. 128).—Capt. Coxton's query in the September and October *BIBLIOPOLIST*, recalls a short poem of one of the Careys (Alice or Phoebe), which may be the one he alludes to. It is called "*Vanity*," and contains this verse:

"And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one,
And backwards and forwards blows the breeze;
And what is it all when all is done?
A tide with never a sail in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night."

The whole poem can be found in the edition of the Carey poems published in Boston.

G. H. S.

Charleston, S. C.

"*As Sound as a Roache*" (vol. 6, p. 118).—It has been asserted very positively that St. Roche, and not the fish called a roach, is alluded to in this saying; but people are not probably aware that the same saying exists in French. "*Sain comme un gardon*" is literally "As sound as a roach." How are we to account for this coincidence, except by some supposed quality in the fish? Is it likely that a saint who "is usually represented pointing to an ulcer in his left thigh" would have been selected as an example of soundness? See, however, Johnson's Dictionary, at the word "Roach," where a different spelling, *roche* = rock, is suggested.

E. M'C.

Guernsey.

"*Taking a Sight*" (vol. vi, p. 130).—I observe an inaccuracy in your editorial note to Knickerbocker's communication, "*Taking a Sight*." You attribute to Thackeray a couplet which is really to be found in the "*Ingoldsby Legends*," as follows:

"The sacristan did nothing say expressive of a doubt,
But press'd his thumb upon his nose, and spread his fingers out.

Charleston, S. C.

G. H. S.

"*Bosh*" (vol. vi, p. 103).—The word is probably derived from *kibosh* or *kybossh*, viz, *cui bono*? Our Melbourne thieves, gentlemen who have cherished the secret slang of their renowned ancestors, term the vanquishment of an enemy "putting the kybossh on him," putting the *cui bono*? on him—making him admit that to struggle longer would be for no one's benefit.

MARCUS CLARKE.

The Public Library, Melbourne.

"*Tree*"—*Calf*: "*Levant*"—*Morocco*: "*Crushed*"—*Morocco*.—What is "tree" calf? What is "levant" morocco? What is "crushed" morocco? In what does the superiority of these materials and styles of binding consist? Power's "*Handy Book*"

gives no explanation of these terms; possibly because it was supposed that they were universally understood. Such is not the case, even among book-buyers.

VERDANT GREEN.

"*Tree*" calf is so called because the sides of the book are colored in imitation of the grain of wood when cut longitudinally and polished. It does not add to the superiority of the binding, but it does to its cost; it is a matter of taste.

"*Levant*" morocco is the term applied to the morocco which is made from the skin of the goat which inhabits the Levant, and is regarded as the best quality of morocco.

"*Crushed*" morocco is morocco to which great pressure is applied after the book is in leather but not finished. It neither adds to, nor diminishes the quality of the work, but it gives the leather a polished appearance and adds to the cost of the binding.—Ed.]

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

[*New works forwarded for review will receive the most careful consideration at our hands.*—Ed.]

THE ORIGINAL LISTS OF PERSONS OF QUALITY; EMIGRANTS; RELIGIOUS EXILES; POLITICAL REBELS; SERVING MEN SOLD FOR A TERM OF YEARS; APPRENTICES; CHILDREN STOLEN; MAIDENS PRESSED; AND OTHERS WHO WENT FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO THE AMERICAN PLANTATIONS, 1600—1700, WITH THEIR AGES, THE LOCATION WHERE THEY FORMERLY LIVED IN THE MOTHER COUNTRY, THE NAMES OF THE SHIPS IN WHICH THEY ORIGINALLY EMBARKED, AND OTHER INTERESTING PARTICULARS. Edited by (the late) John Camden Hotten. (London: Chatto & Windus, 1874, 4to xxxii, 580.)

Here we have in all the brilliant array of gold and glitter, the merest ginger-bread of a book. A showily bound, elegantly printed list of persons which, for any purposes of real utility, might just as well have been taken from a London directory. We have been desired to state that, in common with other American booksellers, the publishers of the *BIBLIOPOLIST* bought copies of the work for sale, but they felt, after examination, that in selling this book they were bound to point out the fact that it was a sham of the first magnitude, and the taking title is neither more nor less than a false representation of the real contents of the book. Messrs. Sabins' advice to their customers now is: "Do not send for it for you will surely be disappointed, and will be asking us to return you your money which, after this notice we shall respectfully decline." Our contemporary, *The New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, which is better qualified to criticise the work than ourselves, remarks:

"The *Academy* review, of 24th October last, contains a criticism of the London edition by Col. Joseph Lemuel Chester. This was answered by the London publishers in a printed letter addressed to the Editor of that re-

view, dated October 27th, of which a summary was published in the *Academy* of 31st October. In the same paper appeared a letter, dated October 28th, from Mr. W. N. Sainsbury, editor of the Colonial Calendar of State Papers. These contain several important criticisms and suggestions. We have not space to copy them. Mr. Chester, in the *Academy* of November 7, p. 509, has published his reply to both, and the publishers remain silent unless we deem their advertisements a reply: one of which appeared on the cover of our last number.

The moral question affecting publishers or editors gains little strength by discussion. So long as plunderers fill their pockets by selling their booty, they plunder and sell. To prevent the vicious from gaining too much and to favor the purchaser, all are licensed to sell such things as cannot be practically restricted. It is a point of honor in making a publication, to tell fairly, how, and from whom it was copied, and by whom examined. It will be sufficient then to say we are not responsible for the language of the advertisements,* and can give no endorsement of Mr. Hotten as an antiquary. It is apparent that the work does not contain several passenger lists published in the *New England Register* since Mr. Drake's publication. Mr. Sainsbury points out some further omissions. In his printed Colonial Calendar of State papers 1574-1660, page 112, No. 78, is the entry, 'Names of the principal undertakers for the plantation of the Massachusetts Bay, that are themselves come over with their wives and children.' This is omitted. It is not very valuable. We know all the family names it contains. In his same book, page 209, No. 67, is noted a 'list of fifty three passengers besides women and female children, who left Southampton for New England in the 'James' of London of 300 tons, William Cooper, Master,' which is omitted in this new work. That list was published by Mr. Drake, p. 55, and it contains the names of several known heads of families.—Some new lists and other papers are published, referring chiefly to Virginia and Barbadoes.—They should have been separate. Time will disclose their value.—We think the new publications from Barbadoes are valuable here, although very imperfect.—It will not injure the character of descendants materially to trace them back to prisoners called 'rebels,' who were sold by the infamous Jeffries in 1685. We have not discovered any that were important in reference to names or families that we know.

*Our lists are still very imperfect, and embrace only a small proportion of the ships and the passengers that came over before 1700. Yet we need already a carefully noted Edition which shall refer to the Genealogical works, in which each passenger on these known lists is identified or claimed. It would be very useful to the Genealogist. One name traced, greatly aids another. It might correct and prevent some erroneous appropriations of common names. C. B. M."

To conclude, the book is not only internally, but externally, "a mockery, a delusion, a snare," and as further proof of this we would ask, where "in the heavens above, or waters under the earth," did the publishers get the idea of the extraordinary shields on the cover from? They are somewhat of the character of a widow or spinster's lozenge-shaped shield, but they most certainly were never borne as given, by either male or female. Can they have belonged to hermaphrodites?

HEURES ROMAINES; avec Figures, par A. Queyroy; Gravées par A. Gusman. (Tours: Alfred Mame et Fils.)

Lovers of Art who remember the pleasure derived from the "Hours of Anne of Brittany," and other illustrated French prayer-books of that class, will

[*We, like the Editors of the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, cannot be held responsible for the specious advertisement of the work on the covers of the *BIBLIOPOLIST*, (Sept. to Dec.) 1874, which was taken verbatim from the publishers' announcement in *Notes and Queries* in good faith, before any copies of the book were received in America.—Ed.]

here find an entirely new book of devotions which rivals the best productions of the fifteenth century style. Every page is framed in a decorated border, of elaborate design, and with as much variety as is secured by a hundred different subjects. Round the title-page, for example, are grouped the four evangelists with their several emblems. On each page of the monthly kalendar stand a couple of the chief saints of the month; one vignette represents a scene belonging to the season; another, the corresponding sign of the Zodiac. A few blank pages at the beginning are set apart for "Souvenirs de Famille"—family events. The border of that on which baptisms are to be recorded, shows a little group around the font, and a guardian angel tenderly carrying his tender charge. The page for first communion entries is decorated with a group appropriate to that event.

A wedding scene adorns the wedding page; with two blank shields, hereafter to be blazoned with the arms of the happy pair. One final souvenir belongs to the deceased. The last death-bed rites are depicted in the border of its page. Other borders are filled with scroll-work of various birds, animals, and heraldic devices. Among the last, the shield with the Fleur-de-Lys of France soon catches the eye. A word is due to the superlative excellence and appropriateness of the border-ornaments that surround the office for All-Souls. Many figures from Dances of Death, skeletons clothed and unclothed, represent the melancholy associations of the day in France; but the tenderness of the day is not forgotten in a rich border of pansies, intermingled with tears. Pensées, "that's for thoughts," says Ophelia. So much for the borders. The thirty full-page wood-engravings are in the same antique style; many of them are real works of art. The Christmas Night picture, for example, is, in its simplicity, charming. All the great festivals, and many of the minor ones, furnish designs of a similar kind. An especial beauty among beauties is the "Stem of Jesse," simply, but delightfully treated. The recumbent father of David is at the root of the family tree, among whose branches may be descried the royal psalmist, and other musicians, with their several instruments; at the summit is the infant Christ in his mother's arms. The text, enriched by all this sumptuous setting, is a combination of a missal and a book of "Hours," such as is called in France a "Paroissien." The volume is handsomely bound in levant morocco; its edges gilt upon a marbled foundation. Both paper and printing are worthy of note: the former is apparently of Dutch manufacture, thin, pure, opaque; and the latter for the care bestowed upon the work, and for the brilliancy of the ink. Clearly the whole had the supervision of an eminently practical eye.

"THE MAGIC MIRROR, AND OTHER POEMS." By Henry Molony. (Published for the Author by Cameron Ferguson. Glasgow and London: 1874.)

It is impossible within the brief space at our command to do justice to the varied powers of Mr. Henry Molony. The reader of this thick volume will be inclined to think that the author writes verse as

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readily as an ordinary man conducts a correspondence. No subject is unfitted for his muse; he is never at a loss for language or for rhymes, and so many are the pieces he has produced on the events of our own time that he may be regarded as a poetical chronicler of the period. Here, for instance, are lines on the death of Prince Albert; lines on hearing of the assassination of President Lincoln; and "Lines on receiving the congratulations of the Hon. Mr. Adams, American Minister to Great Britain and Ireland, on the Lines on the Death of President Lincoln;" a "Dirge for the Death of Cobden;" a poem on "The Funeral of Count Cavour;" a ballad on the loss of Sir John Franklin; and a "Ballad on the Death of Master Magrath, a pet Greyhound of Lord Lurgan's, one of the Lords-in-Waiting on her Majesty the Queen." From the last-mentioned poem we extract two or three stanzas as a remarkable specimen of Mr. Molony's delicate craft as a balladist:

The news it came to Windsor town
A master great had died:
And Rumour gallop'd up and down
To spread it far and wide.

The Lord of Lurgan on the Queen
Was waiting at the time,
And when he heard't a gout serene
Stood in his eye sublime.

"To horse! to horse!" he quickly said,
"Your kingdom for a horse!
That master high is lowly laid
Who oft with me did course!"

Quoth then the Queen, "You're running fast,
My Lord of Lurgan, ho!
And I, your Mistress! why such haste—
How can you use me so?"

"Good-bye, my Liege, I cannot wait,
For master sure is dead;
And if he ain't—here is my pate—
You may cut off my head."

Let no one imagine from these highly original lines that Mr. Molony is chiefly remarkable as a humorist; he is also a master of the pathetic, and writes an elegy in a country churchyard which, if it cannot altogether compare with Gray's, touches on similar subjects and at greater length. In some other pieces Mr. Molony gives us an opportunity of comparing his style of work with that of earlier poets, and we are bound to say that his method of treatment differs entirely from theirs. We can promise the reader who remembers Mrs. Hemans' "Pilgrim Fathers," Wordsworth's and Shelley's "Skylark," Hood's "Ruth," Cowper's poem on Friendship, and Cowley's "Hymn to Light," that Mr. Molony's verses on the like subjects bear no resemblance to those well-known poems. There is one stanza, by the way, in the author's "Ode to Light" which we will extract in the hope that it may prove of service to the teetotalers:

How bright is wine, and how it cheers the soul;
But, ah! that men so blind should be
As to abuse the tempting glee,
And drown their souls insensate in the bowl.

Then there is a song which, since it is sung by a minstrel, may recall to mind Sir Walter's "Lay." But the following lines will perhaps suffice to prove

that there is no affinity between the genius of Scott and that of Mr. Molony:

How glad I feel,
How full of zeal,
In meeting here the great O'Neil—
The great O'Neil and the Soggarth dear
At this happy season of the year.

I cannot tell
By any spell
What feelings sway my bosom's swell.

As one more proof of Mr. Molony's versatility, we may add that his book contains a dramatic poem in three acts, called "The Painter." It is very tragic indeed. The hero, who is supposed to live in a villa near Dublin, has been allured from his wife by a woman whom he has painted, and, being plied with arguments by good and evil spirits, yields, at last, to the suggestions of the bad ones, and rushes into the arms of his mistress, who is waiting for him at the back gate. He then rows his unsuspecting wife to an island, and encourages her to bathe. She requests him as she leaves the water to fancy her a siren or goddess, adding:

So, my dear,
Shall I be fresh in beauty and with love.

But the painter, instead of admiring his wife's charms as he is bidden to do, takes the opportunity of murdering her. His horrid crime is discovered; but instead of being hanged, as he deserved to be,

Mercy stood near:
He was found guilty of the awful deed:
But he was freed
By clemency of the Crown
From th' ignominious end.

We readily allow that Mr. Molony possesses a faculty for verse-making; whether he be wise in exercising it so largely and in publishing his productions is a question which the public, we fear, are likely to decide in the negative.

A FIRST JAPANESE BOOK FOR ENGLISH STUDENTS. By John O'Neill. (London: Harrison & Sons.)

However praiseworthy the Japanese love of acquisitiveness may be, it has at least tended to increase the difficulties in the way of gaining a knowledge of the written language of the country. The existence of certain ancient scrolls in some of the Japanese temples proves beyond dispute that at one time the alphabetical system of writing now employed in Corea was in use in Japan. When it fell into disuse is not clearly known; but there is no reason why it should not have satisfied the wants of Japanese scribes down to the present day had not the introduction of Buddhism brought "a new thing" in the shape of the Chinese characters to their notice. These, unwieldy as they were, they eagerly adopted; and though they at first used them only to represent the equivalent Japanese words, yet by degrees, when the difficulty of rendering the grammatical inflections and terminations of the language in the uninflected Chinese character became obvious, a more extended use of them as phonetic signs came into vogue. Eventually the sounds of the language were analyzed,

and were referred to forty-seven syllables, to represent which two sets of signs, known as the Katagana and the Hiragana syllabaries, were adopted. Both of these are derived from Chinese characters. The Katagana signs are forty-seven in number, and consist of abbreviated forms of the Chinese square characters. The Hiragana signs, on the other hand, are abbreviated cursive forms of a limited number of the more common Chinese characters. But, unlike the Katagana, each of the forty-seven syllables is represented by several of these characters, so that the entire number of Hiragana signs amounts to several hundred. As if still further to complicate a system of writing already sufficiently entangled, the practice of introducing Chinese characters as idiographic signs into works written in either the Katagana or Hiragana letters is common with modern Japanese authors. Of such a mixed form of composition is the Japanese text in the work before us, and it is with a view to help students to a knowledge of this kind of literature that Mr. O'Neill has published his very useful manual. The arrangement of its contents is very simple. To use his own words, "the book consists of a Japanese text cut on wood and printed in Japan, interleaved by a transcription in English letters, and accompanied by a literal translation, with interlinear glosses, running clause by clause, sentence by sentence, and line by line with the Japanese; explanatory notes at the foot of each page, and a full vocabulary of nearly a thousand words." As the ground-work of his book Mr. O'Neill has chosen a moral discourse or sermon, somewhat similar to those which have been published by Mr. Mitford in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and in his "Tales of Old Japan." The text is taken from the works of Mencius, and the preacher enlarges on the dictum of his philosophy in a chatty, colloquial style, interlarding his advice with anecdotes, and pointing his precepts with epigrams. The style in which his sermon is written is that to which the student of Japanese should first devote his attention: and by treating it so completely as he has, Mr. O'Neill has placed within the reach of beginners a very practical and useful introduction to the colloquial dialect of Japan.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL LOVER, R. H. A. Artistic, Literary and Musical; with Selections from his Unpublished Papers and Correspondence. By Bayle Bernard. Two volumes. 1874. (London: Henry S. King & Co.)

Samuel Lover was born in Dublin in 1797. Neither as a painter, a novelist, nor a dramatic writer—for he was all these—is he so favorably or so widely known as in his character of lyric poet and composer of song-melodies. The author of "Rory O'More," of "Molly Carew," the "Widow Machree," and the "Angel's Whisper," made a place for himself in literature hardly, if at all, inferior to that belonging to his fellow-countryman, Tom Moore. As a child he soon showed singular aptitude for music and painting; the latter art he deliberately adopted as his profession, at the age of eighteen, in preference to a desk in the paternal stock-broker's office. After a course of study, young

Lover's first essay was as a marine painter. He finally adopted the branch of miniature portraits on ivory, in which he obtained lucrative employment and considerable distinction, both in his native city and in London. One of his earliest efforts in literature was a comic tale called the "Gridiron." Long afterwards, on his first introduction to Malibran, the great singer asked him, in her broken English, "Will you lend me the loan of a gridiron?" Next followed Lover's compositions as a song-writer, by which he is best known. It was at the instance of Lady Morgan, we are told, that he struck out a new vein of national poetry, in the well known "Rory O'More." It became a favorite in every house where music was cultivated; military bands took it up with all the honors of the "British Grenadiers;" till at last the organs in the streets ground it day and night. Lover himself, who seems to have mingled modesty with his undoubted genius, is said to have first fully comprehended that he had become famous on hearing a military band playing the air of his song on some great public occasion. A critic in the *Athenaeum* recently called attention to the following curious error in his "Rory O'More:"

"Occasionally Lover's own simplicity is nationally characteristic, and betrays him into a mistake. For example, in this verse of Rory O'More:

"Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes that were b'aming with light,
An' he kiss'd her sweet lips! don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, be off, sir! you'll hug me no more—
That's eight times to day you have kissed me before!"
"Oh, then here goes another," said he, "to make sure;
For there's luck in odd numbers!" said Rory O'More."

"Here goes another!" was the tenth salute."

In due time Lover migrated to London, where he made his home for the rest of his life. He was received among the wits and humorists of the capital, some forty years ago, as an accession to their circle. Many amusing traits of his humor, anecdotes of his acquaintances, and happy repartees of his own, will be found here. Unhappily, his career as a miniature painter was cut short by enfeebled eyesight, the penalty of adding the fatigue of etching to his labors at the easel. Not long afterward photography arose, and, as far at least as regards miniature painting, quickly proved itself the foe to graphic art. Costly miniatures soon ceased to be in demand. A tour in America was projected and carried out; Lover sang and told his comic stories, and sketched scenery, and meditated a book on American society, which never got further than meditation. A few years before his death, in 1868, he amused the world by a new series of 'Rejected Addresses,' on the occasion of the Burns' Centenary. Few people at the time knew that the 'Rival Rhymes, by Ben Trovato,' were Lover's. In fact, we believe, they were generally attributed to 'Bon Gaultier.' A little condensation might perhaps have improved Mr. Bernard's memoir. He evinces, however, in every page, the fullest sympathy with his subject; and he was, for several years, intimately acquainted with Lover. The second volume contains a number of compositions in prose and verse, never before published, including his notes of his American tour, and a few letters. An excellent portrait of the poet-painter bears the stamp of close resemblance."

THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE, in the County of Southampton. By the Rev. Gilbert White, M. A. The Standard Edition by E. T. Bennett. Thoroughly revised, with additional notes, by James Edmund Harting, F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c. Illustrated with engravings, by Thomas Bewick, Harvey, and others. (London: Bickers & Son. New York: J. Sabin & Sons, 8vo, 1875.)

The time reaches back beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, when "White's Natural History of Selborne" was not a familiar name in English literature. Time, we are told, has brought with it many changes in that part of Great Britain; forests have been enclosed, lakes drained, and waste lands reclaimed. But the perennial charm of these notes of Natural History is not touched by any such changes. Mr. Harting's new edition has several features which especially recommend it to lovers of birds and of English country life. Himself familiar with the study of birds, and with the neighborhood of Selborne, his notes bring down the information to the latest date, while adhering carefully to the text of White's original edition. His publishers had acquired the copyright of Bennett's edition, one of the best hitherto known; many excellent features of which are retained by Mr. Harting. In addition to which the unexpected acquisition of a number of Bewick's engravings put it in the power of the publishers to illustrate a favorite author with the designs of an equally popular engraver and naturalist. The combined result is most happy. It is not difficult to predict that, for a long time to come, at least, Harting's-White will be the standard edition.

THACKERAYANA: Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by nearly Six Hundred Sketches by William Makepeace Thackeray, depicting Humorous Incidents in the School Life and Favorite Scenes and Characters in his books of his Everyday Reading. (London: Chatto & Windus. New York: J. Sabin & Sons.)

Thackeray had, it seems, a habit of writing and drawing little comic sketches upon the margins of his books; and when, in 1864, his library was dispersed by auction, Mr. Hotten secured a number of the volumes most liberally sketch-margined. To the first purchase many volumes, similarly marked, were subsequently added; and the collection, edited and arranged for publication, now appears as an entertaining volume. Some of the bits of caricature on the extracts from the *Guardian*, the *Spectator*, the *World*, and other old-time magazines, are very funny; while some of the sketches on books about Scotland and Paris are exceedingly clever. Thackeray, like Hood, was something of a draughtsman; they both, if we may believe what they say, thought more of their artistic than of their literary skill, and seldom resisted an opportunity of exercising their pencils on stray bits of paper, margins of old books, &c. In this volume it is the artistic rather than the literary element that will attract; though it is only fair to the anonymous compiler to say that he has taken great pains in piecing together his excerpts with pleasant and intelligent gossip. A similar book might be made from the theatrical library of the late Watts Phillips, who also began life as a draughtsman, and, like Thackeray, ended it as an author.

OBITUARY.

Baird.—Edward Carey Baird, of Pottsville, Pa., died recently, while on a visit to Ashland, Va. He was a grandson of the late Matthew Carey, and brother of Henry Carey Baird, the Philadelphia publisher, with whom he was in business until within a year or two of the commencement of the war. In April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Sixth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers; on its reorganization for three years, became second lieutenant, and in the same year was appointed assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain, and assigned to the staff of General Meade, where he served with distinction. He afterwards served with other generals, and was frequently commended in their dispatches for meritorious conduct. He was but thirty-four at the time of his death. We believe we can find no better place for the subjoined notice from the *Bookseller* of Dec. 1, last, than here:

"It is common to associate an idea of newness with all things American. The United States has not yet celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its birthday, and a country so young in the family of nations is not expected to contain anything old. This thought attaches itself to the book trade in common with others, and it might be supposed the annals of the trade could only present a list of mushroom houses, becoming more numerous in modern times, but without one whose record might compare in antiquity with those of the Longmans or Rivingtons of England. Some of the publishing houses, however, date back nearly to the beginning of the century. John and James Harper began business before 1820; while Collins Brothers, and W. Wood & Co., both of New York, are the modern firm-names of houses even older than Harpers. In Philadelphia, however, two businesses are carried on, those of Henry C. Baird, and Henry C. Lee, which are descended from an even older house, that of Matthew Carey, a native of Ireland, who settled in Philadelphia in 1784. Matthew Carey had made himself obnoxious to the British Government by the publication of the *Volunteer's Journal*, in Dublin, and on coming to Philadelphia he commenced business by the publication of a newspaper, the *Philadelphia Herald*, and afterwards published two magazines. In 1793 he engaged in the regular business of printing, publishing, and selling books, subsequently admitting his son, Henry C. Carey, into partnership. A son-in-law, Isaac Lee, and a younger son, E. L. Carey, also became partners in the firm. Matthew Carey retired in 1821, and until 1829 the firm of Carey, Lee & Carey, were recognized as the leading publishers in the country. At that date the firm split into two sections: one trading as Carey & Lee, consisted of H. C. Carey and I. Lee; and the other of E. L. Carey and A. Hart, the latter a clerk in the house, who was taken in as a partner. Carey & Lee shortly afterwards admitted their clerk, William A. Blanchard, as partner, and the firm became Carey, Lee & Blanchard until 1836, when H. C. Carey retired, and the name was changed to Lee & Blanchard. Isaac Lee retired about 1855, and his son Henry C. Lee, became a member of the firm, which was then known as Blanchard & Lee. Blanchard retired about 1865, and his death, which occurred in Philadelphia on the 6th inst., recalled his connection with this oldest of American publishing houses. Henry C. Lee still carries on the business, which under his management has been gradually changed from general publishing to the issue of medical books exclusively. The other branch of the house, Carey & Hart, continued from 1829 till 1845, when Carey retired, and his nephew, Henry C. Baird, succeeded to his interest, the name being changed to Hart & Baird. This firm dissolved in 1849, each partner continuing separately. Hart retired in 1854, and his business was disposed of to Parry & Macmillan, which firm was completely broken up about the end of 1858, Parry joining the then young firm of J. B. Lippincott & Co., where he still continues. H. C. Baird has continued his business to the present time, and like his cousin H. C. Lee, has given up miscellaneous books, and issues only industrial and scientific works. The Careys were among the earliest publishers of Cooper and Irving, and they issued reprints of Scott's works, when he was still the "Great Unknown." In these primitive days much of the work of selling books was done by pedlars, and among the agents or pedlars who sold their books was W. M. Weems, who was afterwards known as the

author of a "Life of Washington." Matthew Carey was a voluminous writer on political subjects, and his son Henry C. Carey, who is still living, is the author of a perfect library of books on political economy. H. C. Lee is known as the author of a very able work, "Superstition and Force," and H. C. Baird is a frequent contributor to periodicals and newspapers, on financial and political matters. It will thus be seen that we have at least one firm which dates back in hereditary succession to a very respectable antiquity."

Brockhaus.—The German papers announce the death of Heinrich Brockhaus, the head of the great publishing firm at Leipzig. He was not only the greatest German publisher—the last catalogue of his house amounts to about 2,400 numbers—but he belonged to that old and now almost extinct race of booksellers who raised their trade to the dignity of a liberal profession, and used their influence in creating and fostering a national literature. He could meet the most eminent authors on terms of perfect equality, as he had received the best education, and always kept pace with the advances of science and literature of the day. He was a great traveller, and there are few cities in Europe where some friends will not mourn for him. He took an active part, as a liberal politician, in the struggles for German unity and constitutional freedom. He died in his seventy-first year. His firm is now represented by his two sons, Dr. E. Brockhaus and R. Brockhaus.—*Academy.*

He was born at Amsterdam, February 4, 1804, died at Leipzig, Nov. 15, 1874, and was honored by the University of Jena with the Degree of Ph. D.

Clarke.—Thomas Cottrell Clarke died at his residence, in Camden, N. J., on Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1874. Mr. Clarke was born at Newport, R. I., January 11, 1801. One of his ancestors was Dr. John Clarke, who procured from King Charles II. for the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations the first charter, the central principle of which was freedom, especially religious freedom, secured by fundamental law. Mr. T. C. Clarke removed to Philadelphia in the year 1820, and from that time, until within ten years, was actively identified with the press of that city, having been the original editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and thereafter the founder and editor of the *Ladies' Album*, *Literary Portfolio*, *Museum*, and *Saturday Courier*. The latter publication was for many years the most popular and flourishing journal of its kind in the country, having attained a circulation of over 60,000. In 1837 Mr. Clarke published, in connection with the late Dr. R. N. Bird, a magazine called the *American Monthly*. On January 31, 1843, Mr. Clarke associated with him Edgar A. Poe, and under the firm of Clarke & Poe published for a time a monthly magazine entitled the *Stylus*. While editing the *Philadelphia Courier* Mr. Clarke employed Mr. Poe as literary and art critic.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

Cornell.—Hon. Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., died at that place after a long illness, December 9, 1874. He was the son of Elijah Cornell and Eunice Barnard his wife, and was born at Westchester Landing, Westchester county, Jan. 11, 1807. His father was a potter at Tarrytown, but in 1819 removed to De Ruyter with his family. There he lived till 1826, when he left his father's house at the age of nineteen to seek em-

ployment. This he obtained in Homer, but in 1828 engaged in business as a builder at Ithaca. For fourteen years he continued here, and as a farmer and builder laid the foundation of that splendid fortune which in later years enabled him to be the patron of learning and the mechanic and industrial arts. In 1843, in connection with the late Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse and Frank O. J. Smith, of Portland, Me., Mr. Cornell entered upon an untried project, but out of and by his enterprises and skill he was enabled to reap a fortune. This was the invention of the magnetic telegraph. Congress having made an appropriation of \$30,000, the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. J. C. Spencer, appointed Mr. Cornell Assistant Superintendent. Mr. Cornell's friends claim for him the credit of correcting and remedying defects in the Morse instruments. In 1845, and the two years subsequent, he constructed the telegraph lines from Baltimore to New York and from Troy to Montreal, and invested largely in the stock. For some years he was President of the American Telegraph Company. In politics he was a Whig, till the organization of the Republican party. In 1863 he served as a member of the Legislature, and in 1864 was elected Senator of the Twenty-fourth District, and served two terms. The crowning glory of his life was the endowment of the university which bears his name, and which he had the satisfaction of seeing take a leading place among our institutions of learning. He was married to Miss Mary Ann Wood, daughter of Benjamin Wood, of Dryden, in 1831. Their son, Hon. Alonzo B. Cornell, was Speaker of the Assembly in 1873. Mr. Cornell was buried at Ithaca.—*N. Y. Genealogical and Biographical Record.*

Fortuny.—The decease of the eminent Spanish painter, Señor Fortuny, is stated to have taken place at Rome on November 21, 1874, in consequence of an attack of typhoid fever. He was about thirty-five years of age, and born at Barcelona. His master was a pupil of Overbeck. Early in his career he went to Madrid, and studied Velasquez and Gorga, the latter with exceptional energy, as the student's pictures proved. Having achieved a certain degree of reputation by the brilliancy and originality of his art, Fortuny obtained a commission from the Spanish Government to paint the Battle of Tetuan, the price to be 6,000 francs, on condition that his work should equal H. Vernet's "Smala." Fortuny was the brother-in-law of Madrazo; and the school of which these two have been the inspiration, had its origin in Spain, its seat in Rome, and its principal market in Paris. Fortuny shared with Madrazo the gift of expressive and vivacious drawing on a minute scale, and the power of using brilliant and complicated color with an harmonious effect. But these dexterities he turned to no very valuable ends, and in no very dignified manner. His conceptions had the cynicism without the depth of Goya, and his touch the minuteness without the style of Meissonnier. What he and his school have loved is to invest the lowest types of human nature with the most sparkling fripperies of the collector's wardrobe—to show their skill in expressing at once the characters of mean and carnal men and women, and the subtleties of tone and combination in gorgeous stuffs of Spain,

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Italy, the East, or the latest Parisian manufacture. Some of his pictures, the brilliancy and attractiveness of which are beyond dispute, were shown at the French Gallery, London; but he cannot be said to have taken the English by storm. Nevertheless it is true that the loss of so much power and of a charm of such thoroughly original character is great indeed.

Hood.—On the 20th of November last died, in his 40th year, Tom Hood, the son of Thomas Hood, the poet and comic writer, and author of the "Song of the Shirt." As author and poet, Tom Hood essayed to follow his father *haud passibus equis*, but in his literary fortunes he was much happier, and probably earned more than twice the elder Hood, whose rhymes to his infant son will be well remembered, ever did. The public, who had neglected the father when alive, determined to favor the son. He was sent to college by kind friends—to Pembroke College, Oxford—in 1853, where he passed all examinations, but did not take the B. A. His first work, "Pen and Pencil Pictures," written at Oxford, was published in 1854-55. It was followed by "Quips and Cranks," and "Daughters of King Daher," and other Poems, in 1861; "Loves of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-peep," "Rhyming Rigmorole," in 1862; "Vere Vereker's Vengeance, a Sensation," in 1864; "Captain Master's Children, a Novel," and "Jingles and Jokes for the Little Folks," in 1865. "A Disputed Inheritance," "Golden Heart," "Money's Worth," and "Love and Valour," 1871, are amongst other novels he has written. He was also author of "Rules of Rhyme," a guide to versification. He has written several books for youngsters, and illustrated his father's comic verses. He was given a place under the British Government, but forsook that for literature. He was appointed editor of *Fun* in May, 1865. Tom Hood's geniality and kind-heartedness endeared him to a large circle of friends. Mr. Hood, who had lately married, leaves a young wife, and, we believe, children by his first wife, who died about a year ago, and in whose grave he was buried.

Jardine.—Sir William Jardine, the distinguished naturalist, whose death has just been announced, was born at Jardine Hall, in Dumfries, Scotland, in 1800. He was educated at Edinburgh, and early showed great fondness for the study of natural history. In connection with Dr. Horsfield and other ornithologists, he published "Illustrations of Ornithology," and edited Wilson's "North American Ornithology" and the "Naturalists' Library." Sir William was a member of many learned societies, contributed largely to the scientific transactions and periodicals, and was editor of the Edinburgh *Philosophical Journal*. He was a keen sportsman as well as a good naturalist, and it is said of him that he could bring down a bird, write a most accurate description of it, draw it and engrave the drawing, and then stuff the skin in the most workmanlike manner. His museum at Jardine Hall forms one of the finest and most valuable collections in Great Britain.

Lankester.—It is our sad duty to record the death of Edwin Lankester, M. D., F. R. S., a distinguished scientific man. Dr. Lankester was born in Melton,

Suffolk, England, in 1814, and graduated M. D. at Heidelberg in 1839. He was one of those few men who, in addition to holding a high position in his own profession, was also distinguished for his original research, and still more so as one of the ablest and most eloquent popularizers of science. His works are widely known and read, and everywhere highly appreciated.

Luyster.—We regret to announce the decease of David B. Luyster, of the firm of A. L. Luyster & Co., New York. He died at his residence in Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 5, 1874, aged twenty-eight. He was well known to a large number of book buyers and members of the profession, for his bibliopolistic knowledge and urbanity of manners.

Moultrie.—Shropshire born, Wiltshire bred, at Eton taught, at Cambridge perfected, and at Rugby stationed to give to the world the great benefits of his training, John Moultrie has closed an honored and useful career. He was born in 1799, just as the old school of people who had gathered round Dr. Johnson was dying out. The lady leader of that circle, Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, died in 1800, soon after which the young disciples of the school found the world changing about them, and new ideas, new men and new leaders driving out the old blue-stockingism, the lemonade *conversations*, the pale yet pretentious *dilettantism*, and the pomander tone generally. Moultrie, a clergyman's son, proved himself to be of the new reign. Even before he was of age he gave a bright promise of becoming a poet. The promise was so good that he could hardly better it; and the lines, manly and affecting, "My Brother's Grave," remain among his finest. How different the young poets of the present century are from the old and young of the preceding period, is a matter of universal recognition. Of what mettle young Moultrie was formed he gave evidence in the *Etonian* and in Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. Men of less fine minds, of inferior intellect, and with few of the claims to reward which Moultrie could show, outstripped him, however, in the race for worldly honors. He had the stuff in him for an archbishop, but he remained only a poet and a priest. A holy man, too, in both characters, and in both supremely happy also, and as Rector of Rugby—a living to which the Earl of Craven had the good sense to appoint him—he was, within his limits, as revered, as useful, and as dignified as many a prelate who had passed by him in the race, and who made a racket in the world in order to keep his name before the public.

After all, a Warwickshire rectory, learned leisure, means befitting a scholar and gentleman (applied as a scholar and gentleman would not fail to do), these, with not only a love for, but a smile of welcome and approval from, the Muse, make up a sum of things that harassed bishops and archbishops might envy. Moultrie's whole history is there; but curates with a turn for poetry and propriety of life must not, therefore, conclude that they will necessarily come to the same desirable conclusion. Moultrie worked hard to be the hero of such a history, and the "Lower Boy" at Eton probably looked to a rectory as a thing not to be had by the mere appreciation of its value. He worked hard, that is to say, wherever there was an

object worth the working for; but he took correct measure of himself, and would not waste his health in competition for honors so uncertain of attainment, and not worth the sacrifice of health. If every man knew his own measure as well, how much pleasanter people would be in society, and society how much more agreeable generally! It was said of Mrs. Montagu that she never had a fool for a friend. In this respect Moultrie resembled, at least, this lady of the old school; for to name his friends would be to name the brightest intellects and most honored men of his time. If it be asked to what party Moultrie belonged in the Church, we should reply that this manly sector, with his child-like trust, was neither Protestant nor Catholic, neither Vaticanist nor English Sectarian. He was a member, however, of a very small sect—that one alluded to by the apostle who said that Christians would be known by their love for one another. So the Rector of Rugby was a Christian in the best sense of the term. There were two women who brightened the priest-poet's life, his mother (as full of humor, character and intellect as her son), who died but seven years ago, and his wife, whom he not only wooed, but honestly won, after persistent wooing, and who, for nearly forty years, was the pride of the house and its master.

How could he be otherwise than happy! Happy in his life, happy in his duties, in his pastimes, in his cultivation of poetry, and happy in his death; for his end came through mortal fever caught by attending on a sick parishioner. So passed away the author of modestly called "Poems," "The Dream of Life, and other Poems," of "Sonnets," and, let us add, the editor of "Gray," with a poetical preface, full of sympathy with the older poet, and as rich in poetical feeling as Gray himself ever felt, and to the feeling gave expression.—*The Athenæum*.

Phillips.—We regret to chronicle the decease of one of those varied and clever authors who work for the people, and whose names are yet but seldom known to fame in the true literary sense, Watts Phillips. He died on the 2d of Dec. last, aged forty-nine. A pupil of George Cruikshank, and a harsh though powerful illustrator, he was artist, novelist, dramatist, essayist, political writer and critic, and all that he did he did to a certain level forcibly and well. "I have rarely known," says G. A. Sala, in a generous notice, "a more various, capable, brilliant, and, in all respects, singular man. He drew beautifully, and could etch a design on stone and wood. When I knew him first, some two-and-twenty years ago, he was drawing caricatures and penning humorous essays in a periodical long since defunct, entitled *Diogenes*. Suddenly, to the surprise of all his friends, he achieved great success as a dramatist. He was the author of 'The Dead Heart,' 'The Poor Strollers,' 'The Huguenot Captain,' 'Camilla's Husband,' 'Nobody's Child,' 'On the Jury,' and 'Lost in London,' which is even now running a triumphant career at the Princess's Theatre, London. He must have written at least thirty plays, many of which still 'keep the stage'; but how many novels and tales he wrote in such popular periodicals as the *London Journal* and *Bow Bells*, under the nom-de-plume of 'Fairfax Balfour,' I am sure I cannot tell." And yet with all this industry, talent, and power, Watts Phillips was con-

strained to draw his chief subsistence from *Bow Bells* and the *London Journal*.

Rousseaux.—The French journals announce the death of A. E. Rousseaux, the able engraver, and pupil of Henriquel-Dupont, who engraved Scheffer's "Christ and St. John" in a style which was considerably more valuable than that of the picture, and by means of it Rousseaux achieved reputation. He reproduced, for the Société Française de Gravure, "La Poésie" and "La Renommée et la Vérité," after Correggio. Delaroche's "Martyre Chrétienne" and the "Vierge et l'Enfant Jésus," by Hébert, were also subjects of his burin.

Sewell.—Rev. William Sewell, B. D., Senior Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, England, died in November, 1874, at the age of about seventy. Mr. Sewell was educated at Harrow School. Thence he went to Merton College, Oxford, where he closed his under-graduate career by obtaining a first class in the School of Literæ Humaniores, in 1827. In the same year he was elected to a Fellowship at Exeter College. Two years later he obtained the Chancellor's prizes for both the English and Latin essays. In 1832 he was one of the public examiners in the classical schools, and from 1836 down to 1841 he held the University Professorship of Moral Philosophy. Mr. Sewell was a voluminous writer on theological and other subjects.

Tischendorf.—The most eminent textual critic of the New Testament, Professor von Tischendorf, died in Leipzig, after a lingering illness of a year and a half, on Monday morning, Dec. 7, aged fifty-nine. His first critical edition of the New Testament, published when he was a young man, was received with such favor as to indicate distinctly his future career. In order to compare the different manuscripts of the New Testament, he was compelled to make numerous and extensive travels. He had been three times in England and three times in the East. On one of his Oriental tours he was so fortunate as to discover the Sinaitic manuscript, which is the oldest known copy of the New Testament, and of inestimable worth in textual criticism. Much of his brilliant reputation was due to this discovery, supported as it was by the keenest critical acumen and a marvellous power of physical endurance. His revisions have been circulated everywhere, and to an extent beyond all precedent. In Leipzig alone not less than twenty-two of his critical editions have been published. His authorized English New Testament, containing the variations of the three most important manuscripts, was published by Tauchnitz, and in the first year (1869) nearly fifty-thousand copies were sold in the British Isles alone. He died before he had finished the work upon which he was employed, a large and comprehensive critical edition of the New Testament being left incomplete. A manual of Palæography, which no one else is in a position to write as he could have written it, he had not even begun. The procession which followed his body to the grave was one befitting his work and life. The different societies of students attended *en masse*, or were represented by delegates. Many of the university professors were present, as also members of all classes of society, commercial, civil, and military.

Warren.—We are sorry to hear that the British Museum library has been deprived of one of its most valuable officials. Edward Alfred Warren, who died in Nov. last, at the early age of thirty-eight, belonged to that class of public servants who, although their names may not be familiar to the general public, are well known in official circles for great and important services. For nearly twenty years he was engaged in supervising the transcription and arrangement of the many thousand of titles written for the Catalogue of the Printed Book Department in the British Museum, a work requiring for its fit performance an unusual amount of method, capacity and judgment, as well as of literary and linguistic attainments. The *Pall Mall Gazette* states:

"Mr. Warren has died of disease aggravated, perhaps even induced, by the unwholesomeness of the apartment assigned to him for his daily work. Some time ago, when his health first failed, he consulted one of the first physicians in London, who judiciously asked to see the room in which his patient spent the larger part of his time. The rest of the story is so unpleasant that we would fain believe it an invention. But the story runs, truly or falsely, that on Mr. Warren reporting to the chief authority of the Museum the doctor's opinion that his room was unfit for occupation, he was reprimanded for introducing a medical man without the express leave of the said authority. The story goes further than this, much further, indeed, but whether it be true or not, one thing is certain, that we have lost a valuable public servant in Mr. Warren, as we lost one in Mr. Deutsch, and that though ill-natured people would attribute both these losses, in some degree at least, to the obstructiveness of certain officials, we may safely follow Lord Chesterfield's rule, and never believe more than half what we hear."

O, GIVE ME A LOCK OF YOUR SILKEN HAIR.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

O give me a lock of your silken hair!

Said a youth to a maiden sweet to see;

The maiden smil'd, and oh! so fair

Was the smile on her lips, so full of glee.

What would you do with my silken hair?

I would hoard it in a locker of gold,

And wear it, oh maiden, ever there

About my neck until silly and old.

But what would you do with my silken hair?

I would water it with my ardent tears,

And keep it, oh maiden, ever there

Next to my heart for years and years.

But what will you give for my silken hair?

I would give for a simple auburn lock,

My crook and my lute, my own pet lamb,

And the whole of the fleece of my milk-white flock.

But how shall I cut from my silken hair

A curl to put in thy locket of gold?

Shall I wield the shears that are lying there

With which you fleece your milk-white fold?

No, maiden, I would not spoil a curl,

A ringlet of your silken hair,

For every diamond, ruby, and pearl,

That in the earth lies buried there.

But since you seem so loath to part

With a single lock, my maiden fair,

Give me your little hand and heart

Together with all your silken hair!

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

"It realizes the best idea of honoring the memory of the greatest of England's sons."

CHARLES KNIGHT.

The Shakespeare Memorial Library was founded in 1864, in celebration of the tercentenary of the poet's birth, at Birmingham, England, the chief city of Shakespeare's own county, and near the town in which he was born. The Library has already become the largest collection of Shakespeare's works and the literature which they have produced. The late Charles Knight gave more than a hundred volumes used in the editing of his various editions; and Mr. J. O. Phillipps (Halliwell), Mr. Howard Staunton, Mr. J. Payne Collier and other famous Shakespeareans have liberally contributed to enrich its shelves.

The local annual subscriptions have sufficed to purchase all the ordinary and accessible works, and the more valuable and rare volumes have been given or bequeathed.

As the library was presented to the corporation and belongs to the town, it cannot be reduced or dispersed, but it is open to visitors and students to the free library, of which it forms part; and although none of the books are allowed to be taken from the reading room, it is very largely and intelligently used.

As a literary memorial of an author's genius and works the library is unique, and all who know of its existence are always glad to give any Shakespeare tribute, to so valuable and appropriate, and permanent a memorial of the "Poet of all Time."

As Americans are well known as great lovers of Shakespeare, as the great majority of visitors to the poet's birth-place, home and grave, and as the American literature concerning Shakespeare is so extensive and valuable, it has been deemed advisable to ask authors and publishers to contribute any Shakespearean works to a library where they will be highly valued, appropriately catalogued, and carefully preserved.

At the request of the English subscribers and donors Mr. J. Parker Norris has undertaken to forward any books, pamphlets, magazines or newspapers which may be sent to him in order that America may be adequately represented in the great literary monument to Shakespeare's fame.

Mr. Joseph Crosby, has also consented to receive any books, pamphlets, magazines or newspapers from the western portion of the United States.

It is also particularly desired that in case any publisher or author of any book, etc., relating in any way to Shakespeare or his writings, shall not see fit to contribute a copy as a gift to the library, that they will be kind enough to send a memorandum of its title, place of publication, etc., either to Mr. J. Parker Norris, 204 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for the *Eastern, Middle or Southern States*, or to Mr. Joseph Crosby, 83 Main Street, Zanesville, Ohio, for the *Western States*, who will at once inform the library of its publication, in order that they may take steps towards its purchase if they see fit.

SHAKESPEARIAN GOSSIP.

"—Whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever."

Cymbeline, III, i, 2.

[We have great pleasure in apprising our readers that a special feature of the AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST will in future be a department of SHAKESPEARIAN GOSSIP, under the superintendence of J. Parker Norris, Esq., of Philadelphia. This gentleman is well fitted for the undertaking; he has devoted many years to Shakespearian study, and the formation of a library illustrative of Shakespeare and his life. We should also mention that Mr. Norris was in frequent correspondence with the late Howard Staunton, and numbers among his personal acquaintances the eminent Shakespearians, J. Payne Collier, Dr. C. M. Ingleby, J. O. Halliwell (Phillips), Samuel Timmins, Horace Howard Furness, A. I. Fish, Prof. Hiram Corson, Rev. H. N. Hudson, and Joseph Crosby. We trust, now that everything connected with Shakespeare seems to be in the ascendant, our subscribers will appreciate the zealous efforts of Mr. Norris. Essays and correspondence are earnestly invited for this department.—Ed.]

Dr. Elze's new volume of essays is attracting a great amount of attention among Shakespearian students. We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following capital review of this book, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"These essays* well deserve a careful scrutiny, both on account of the general reputation of the author's researches in English literature and from the fact that he has during the last eight years been the editor of the "Year-books" of the German Shakespeare Society, his contributions to which extend over a somewhat longer period, and have been revised by him for the present translation. We need hardly say that Dr. Elze shows everywhere a wide and intimate acquaintance with the writings of other Shakespearian critics, German and English. He is, moreover, careful to represent their views fully and fairly; and he has stated his own inferences with much clearness and ability, both on the motives and artistic structure of various dramas and on questions of dates and circumstances, in which the conclusion is, perhaps, less directly interesting than the process of argumentation. We cannot, however, help judging that the subtle curiosity of his method has led him into some very arbitrary and fallacious theories in the most conspicuous of his essays. We refer chiefly to the considerations by which he makes out the "Tempest" a much earlier production of Shakespeare's, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" a much later one, than is commonly believed. He has extensive resources in collateral argument to which we cannot here do justice; but we believe his positions

are likely to stand or fall with a few of his leading inferences. Now, in regard to the occasion for which the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was written, he has reposed implicit confidence in an allegorical exposition of "Oberon's Vision" (the noted passage commencing "I saw a mermaid on a dolphin's back"), which was lately developed by a member of the English Shakespeare Society, and which seems to rival, in its fine and incoherent structure, the most singular fancies of the commentators on Dante. By this view the same person is represented by the moon and the "vestal throned in the west"—the power presiding over chastity and the votaress who appears protected by her. The earth is another lady, and so is the "little Western Flower;" and Cupid is a gentleman who coquets, woos, and puts up with a *pis aller* on his own account, as is hinted in the "counterfeit presentments" of the three ladies. Or, introducing personal names, we are shown here how the Earl of Leicester courted Queen Elizabeth, making a screen of the Countess of Sheffield, and then married Lettice Knolly (the widow of Walter, Earl of Essex, and mother of the more celebrated Earl Robert). The Mermaid and the Dolphin are mere mementoes of the Kenilworth entertainment of 1572, which gave occasion to these achievements of love and maidenly resolution. Meanwhile it seems clear that the passage thus treated might easily take its place in the play without comprising such a complex and halting allegory. We see that the only clear and indisputable personal designation in it is that of the Queen as the Vestal; we may remember that Oberon required for his machinations a flower possessing certain magical virtues; and we find these virtues accounted for by an Ovidian metamorphosis—a story about an arrow dropped by Cupid, which is sufficiently happy if it further supports a compliment to Queen Elizabeth's single blessedness, without our entering into particulars about her former lovers and whom they married, which by every theory were already antiquated when the play was written. We may add that Knight probably made too much of the name of the flower "love in idleness," as if it specially denoted the circumstances under which Lettice fell in love with the Earl of Leicester when her first husband was abroad and "her heart unoccupied." We suspect that "love in idleness" meant neither more nor less than "loving in vain;" the words "on idleness," "on ydel," being similarly used for "in vain" in old versions of the Third Commandment. Indeed, it is only by such a construction that we can conceive how this popular name was merited by a flower which one can readily fancy to be shaped like a heart and partially colored like a bleeding one, so that it seemed to represent a lover's heart, or his thought (*pensée*) in the softened French expression for the pangs or heartsease. But we must hasten to mention that Dr. Elze follows up the exposition we have quoted by an attempt to show that Shakespeare's supposed allegory was specially devised for a play or masque celebrating the marriage of the second Earl of Essex, and therefore calling to remembrance, after the lapse of twenty-seven years—for he gives us 1598 for the date of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—an event in the life of the Earl's mother which in popular rumor had been connected with gross imputations on her character, since she was thought to have poisoned her first hus-

*"Essays on Shakespeare." By Karl Elze, Ph. D. Translated, with the Author's sanction, by L. Dora Schmitz. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.)

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band after being engaged in an intrigue with Leicester. Dr. Elze shows great ingenuity in arguing that the marriage was called to mind without the worse charges against this lady, and that the whole tenor of the play conveys an apology for the erratic amours of the English aristocracy. But his conclusion appears from several points of view grossly improbable to us; and he has perhaps erred no less in assigning such a date to the play as is in no way borne out by the style and versification. The whole theory of the allegory and the masque in honor of the Earl's wedding has encountered a severe protest from Ulrici; and we cannot see that it gains anything in probability through the refinements introduced into it by a Herr Kurz, who is cited in the appendix to this essay.

In regard to the date of the "Tempest," our critic does not obviously err in deprecating a very rigid application of the canons relating to Shakespeare's progress in versification, nor in the idea that the poet needed the aid, as Malone deems, of Jourdan's "Discovery of the Bermudas" (published in 1614). But Dr. Elze's own theory (which requires the date 1605-7) rests very much on an allusion of Ben Jonson to English writers who have stolen ideas from Montaigne, and on his own inability to discover a poet of the Elizabethan age who has done this as conspicuously as it seems done in the "Tempest" (Act 2, scene 1), where Gonzalo describes his ideal commonwealth. The expressions of the rival dramatists seem, however, to refer to a number of authors who have copied both Montaigne and Guarini; and these writers—though very possibly Ben Jonson included himself among them with ironical depreciation—need not positively have been poets, for Montaigne and Guarini were sententious authors who might easily be cited in books of various classes. Hence the object of the accusation is not likely to be easily verified, and if we read the passage referred to from the play of "Volpone," where Lady Politick Wouldbe, after mentioning Guarini's "Pastor Fido," says,—

All our English writers,
At least such as are happy in the Italian,
Will deign to steal out of this author mainly
Almost as much as from Montaigne;

and we observe that Dr. Elze cannot positively trace anything in Shakespeare to Guarini's influence, we can scarcely fancy that the author of the "Tempest" was individually attacked in this bit of satire. We find it added, however, that Jonson was especially angry with Shakespeare for making use of his friend Florio's translation of Montaigne; but in this case he would rather have hinted that Shakespeare was weak in French than complimented him on being happy in the Italian. To guard against this sort of objection, Dr. Elze asks, "Or are the words 'such as are happy in the Italian' so far a taunt upon Shakespeare as they imply that he had not borrowed from Guarini because he did not understand Italian?" But can we possibly make the sentence express or hint that all the English writers who were skilled in Italian used to steal from Guarini almost as much as one who was not skilled in Italian stole from Montaigne, who wrote in French? We are further reminded that Jonson had a rooted dislike to the "Tempest," as appears by his prologues to "Bartholomew Fair" and "Every Man in his Humor;"

but if he had an opportunity of expressing this feeling as early as 1607, he would hardly have had another fit of ill-humor against the play so long afterwards as in 1614.

In regard to the date at which "Henry VIII.," or rather Shakespeare's portion of that play, was originally composed, the views of Dr. Elze have already given rise to much controversy. The first representation of it took place in 1613, when it seems agreed that it had been filled up or remodelled by Fletcher and other hands. According to Mr. Spedding, it was then a recent composition of the poet's, bearing the stamp of his latest mode of writing blank verse; but it was incomplete, and should have included a long series of events, as, above all perhaps the fall of Anne Boleyn, by which a more perfect artistic unity would have been gained for it. But, instead of receiving this treatment, it was hastily amplified with some scenes mostly comic, and with festive spectacles in honor of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage, though some pathetic but rhetorical passages relating to Queen Katherine must be included among these additions. On the other hand, Dr. Elze describes ably and severely the deficiency of the play in connected interest, but accounts for it in another way. It was planned, he tells us, to gratify Elizabeth, but remodelled to suit the Court of James. It was intended for an anniversary in the autumn of 1602, but set aside on the event of the Queen's death, some months earlier; and was ten years afterwards taken up by the players, when it was found expedient to mingle the praises of James with those of Elizabeth, and give more prominence to Queen Katherine's part, for the sake of throwing Anne Boleyn into the shade (for James hated his predecessor and all that pertained to her). Our critic's strongest arguments for this view are drawn from the want of historic truth and poetical clearness which may be easily noticed in the dramatist's delineation of Henry VIII. This character is always "delicately masked," or, we might say, sheltered from our censure under the political maxim, "The King can do no wrong." But it has still to be considered what degree of reserve was imposed on Shakespeare regarding this monarch—even after the extinction of his dynasty—by the animosities still reigning among the people, and the genuine respect of many for Elizabeth's memory. It is some praise to the poet to have written a drama or even "Idyls" of the last Tudor reign which have not set Catholics and Protestants by the ears. Who can heartily wish he had been less cautious? In inferences from the versification of "Henry VIII.," or of the scenes in it which on all grounds are most thoroughly Shakespearean, Dr. Elze's opponents have a manifest advantage over him. The supposed participation of Ben Jonson in this play has yet to be fully scrutinized by both parties.

The essays on "All's Well that Ends Well," and on the "Merchant of Venice," are of a more purely æsthetic character than the above. In the latter, however, Dr. Elze deviates from the prevalent fashion of German critics by not attempting to formulate the motives of the play in the mere expression of an abstract idea, "moral, legal, philosophical, or what it may be." He prefers imagining that the poet's first desire was to improve on Marlowe's "Jew

of Malta," by reducing its exaggerated and spectral characters to a truly human standard. The parts of the Jew's daughter in the two plays present many features justifying this comparison. Dr. Elze has, by the way, acutely noted some indications of Shakespeare's dissembled sympathy for the oppressed sect, and of the scorn with which he regarded a forced conversion.

We must briefly mention two articles on the orthography of Shakespeare's name and on his supposed travels as sagaciously written, but not leading to more positive or definite conclusions than might be expected. "Hamlet in France" is a lively memoir of a much-noised, but still incomplete, revolution in one of the fashions or tastes of our neighbors. It is enlivened with a spice of venial prejudice. "Sir William Davenant" is a sensible and entertaining magazine article, but not suited to add any weight to the authority of our critic in his special subject.

Considered as a translation, the present volume often attains a spirited and easy style, but in other places shows a want of special practice, and some liability to forget the idiomatic capacities of an English word or phrase in associating it with an ordinary German equivalent. Thus we have noticed in one of the earlier pages a sentence beginning, "Of the intrinsic arguments which Hunter adduces in favor of this hypothesis, only this *may* be mentioned," where the honor and interest of the disputant obviously require that the word in italics should be replaced by *need*.

We would add that the volume is very handsomely printed; and the clear, beautiful type, the thick paper, and the jet black ink render it a pleasure to read. American publishers have much to learn in the make-up of their books, and this volume could be well taken as a standard.

Dr. Ingleby's "Centurie of Prayse" is a beautiful little book. It is printed by the celebrated Josiah Allen, of Birmingham, on Whatman's hand-made parchment paper, and is a most valuable contribution to Shakespearian literature. It is a complete answer to those who say that Shakespeare was not appreciated in his own day.

The learned editor, Dr. C. M. Ingleby, has devoted his best efforts to the labor of collecting every reference in Shakespeare's contemporaries, and those who survived him, to the Great Master and his works. In this he has admirably succeeded, and no one who has not tried to

perform a similar labor can fully appreciate the difficulty of the task he has accomplished. Many of the allusions to Shakespeare and his works that Dr. Ingleby has here printed, are so obscure that most readers would have passed them by without notice. The skilled hand of the master is here apparent, and Dr. Ingleby has had good training in the editing of the "Allusion Books" of the New Shakespeare Society. The editor has further increased the value of the book by elucidations at the end of each of the four "periods" into which he divides the extracts.

Mr. Cosens has kindly sent us a copy of his "Los Bandos de Verona."* It is beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press, in the same handsome style as his translation of "Castelvines y Monteses," which was also privately issued. The two works are valuable as illustrations of the different manner in which two Spanish dramatists have treated the same story that Shakespeare used in his "Romeo and Juliet." We reproduce the following notice of both the above works from *Notes and Queries*:

"ROMEO AND JULIET" IN SPAIN.

When the Hon. James Howard, in the reign of Charles II., took Shakespeare in hand and "improved" the national poet's dignified tragedy by converting it into a comedy, he probably was not aware that the great dramatic poet of Spain had been before him in that work, and had given a hoyden, hilarious Juliet to the theatre of Madrid. The two great dramatists were contemporaries.

Just as Otway, after Howard, "improved" Shakespeare's dainty story still more, by moving it into a cold classical region, and calling it "Caius Marius," so Rojas, some little while after De Vega, took a course different from that in the earlier play, and made a "Romeo and Juliet" as different from his Spanish predecessor's as Otway's young Marius and Lavinia Metella are different from Shakespeare's pair of young lovers, who have drawn so much sympathy and so many tears.

In 1770 a garbled version of Frey's play was printed at the Garrick's Head, Catherine Street, Strand. About a hundred years later Mr. Cosens

* "Castelvines y Monteses. Tragi-Comedia. By Frey Lope Felix De Vega Carpio. Translated by F. W. Cosens. (Printed for private circulation.) London: 1869. 4to.

"Los Bandos de Verona. Montescos y Capeletes." By Francisco De Rojas y Zorilla. Englished by F. W. Cosens. (Printed for private circulation.) London: 1874. 4to.

*Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse; being Materials for a History of Opinion on Shakespeare and his Works, Culled from the Writers of the First Century after his Rise. [Edited by Dr. C. M. Ingleby.] 4to. London: 1874.

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translated the Spanish play, as such a Spanish scholar only could translate it; and he liberally gave copies to his friends. The impression must have been a large one if all Mr. Cosen's friends were included in his liberality. Lope de Vega's dramatized version of the old story varies from Shakespeare's. There is no manifestation of genius, less display of taste, no niceness of judgment. We have no sympathy with the young lady who has two ears for as many lovers at a time, and who, escaping from the tomb, frightens her father to death as the ghost of herself. At the end the lovers are wedded, though Roselio (Romco) has a narrow escape of being united to Dorotea, the sister of Ottavio, who is one of the two lovers of Julia (Juliet).

In Rojas' version the County Paris is wedded to Romeo's sister, Elena, and may be called a perfect "brute" in his deportment, for he not only ill-uses, but wishes to rid himself of her, that he may marry Julia Capelete. The Capeletes and Montescos are at feud. Romeo's father had killed, at a tournament, Julia's brother, and had been slain in consequence. Romeo rushed thereupon to the Capelete mansion, to kill the sire, but he stabbed a servant instead, and tried to slay Julia's falcon. But Julia's eyes, seen for the first time, nearly slay the rude intruder, who recovers, however, and the two young people are as hard and fast in love as young people can possibly be. In the very hottest of it all, the ignorant old Capelete proposes that Julia shall marry Andrés. All that follows is as bustling as the very busiest of Spanish comedies. The lovers meet and exchange vows, and feel hopeless; while old Capelete is willing to throw over Andrés and give his daughter to County Paris, if that exemplary gentleman can only obtain a divorce from Romeo's sister. Subsequently he leaves Julia to choose between Andrés and Paris, and the lady's answer is that she will take neither, but that, for good or ill, young Romeo is lord of her heart. There is some fun with some fighting, and a great deal of comic business, till Julia, wearied of life and in despair for her love, swallows a phial full of poison, and seemingly dies. The sire and County Paris unceremoniously deposit her in a church vault, where, having swallowed only a sleeping draught, she naturally awakes. In a confusing scene, amid complete darkness, she is carried off by Andrés, supposing him to be Romeo, who bears off his sister, Elena, believing he has got Juliet. The business becomes a mixture of burlesque, melodrama, tragi-comedy, and pantomime. There is hide-and-seek in a wood after Julia, who is ultimately carried off by her sire to his castle. Romeo and his allies storm the fortress with artillery, and being the conqueror, the lady is yielded to him as lawful and joyous prize.

There are some pretty lines in both the Spanish plays, and there is a touch more of dignity in the Juliet of Rojas' drama than in the same lady of De Vega's. When the former prefers that Romeo should rather hate than forget her, she supports the sentiment by saying:

"He who doth hate, and hotly hateth too,
E'en in his hating doth remember love.
While he who basely doth forget his love
Is hateful in his own forgetfulness.
I'd rather know the hatred of my love
Than feel oblivion's shameful slight."

To which Romeo replies:

"And yet all women have maintain'd that hate
Is but revenge disguised."

It is remarkable that the two Spanish dramatists should have failed to see what Shakespeare saw, that a tragic catastrophe was the only poetically just conclusion to this dramatic story of love, fervent indeed, but ill-regulated.

When Messrs. Chapman & Hall announced a new and revised edition of Dyce's Shakespeare,* and also told us that it contained the latest results of that great critic's labors on the text, we, in common with many others, had great expectations as to the value of the work. We must confess that an examination of this first volume has disappointed us. A new title page of course has been printed, and the dedication and preface are different; the latter being written by Mr. John Forster. The old stereotype plates have evidently been used for the rest of the volume, with a few changes here and there; which have been made by cutting out that portion of the plates where the alterations were to be made and the new matter therein substituted.

Still there are a few changes in the text of great merit; in one instance in "The Tempest," he returns to the reading of the first folio; and if these new readings, etc., had been incorporated into one volume, it would have been well; but to reprint nine volumes octavo, for the sake of a few changes, seems to be placing rather a heavy tax upon Shakespearian students.

Mr. Hazlitt has edited a reprint, with notes, of two well known books†—the first by Ritson, and the second, which forms nearly nine-tenths of the volume, is the "Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare," by J. O. Halliwell, (now J. O. Phillipps,) published by the old Shakespeare Society, in 1845. It places these works in a cheap form before the general reader.

* The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. The third edition. Vol. I., 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

† Fairy Tales, Legends and Romances, illustrating Shakespeare and other early English writers. To which are prefixed two preliminary dissertations. 1. On Pigmies. 2. On Fairies. By Joseph Ritson. 16mo. London, 1875. [Edited by W. C. Hazlitt.]

The New Shakespeare Society has now been in existence over a year, and it may not be amiss to say a word as to the work it has accomplished during that period. It was founded by Mr. F. J. Furnivall of London, who is its Director. Mr. Furnivall, in our opinion, made a great mistake in quarrelling with several eminent Shakespeareans at the outset, and thus failing to enlist them under his banner. Even those with whom he started in January, 1874, are not all there now. At the beginning of the Society's career, everything was written and furnished by Mr. Fleay, but Mr. Furnivall soon quarrelled with him too, —a bitter correspondence ensued, and now Mr. Fleay is not a worker in the new Society. Surely Mr. Furnivall must be a hot-headed fellow, and the sooner the new Society gets rid of him as its Director, the better it will be for the members.

During the year 1874, the Society published four books: Part I. of its "Transactions," Part I. of its "Allusion Books," and reprints of the first and second quartos of "Romeo and Juliet." H. R. H. Prince Leopold also presented the members with a parallel text edition of the first and second quartos of "Romeo and Juliet;" and Dr. C. M. Ingleby presented the members with his "Still Lion." The "Allusion Books" were edited by Dr. C. M. Ingleby. Of the "Transactions," the less said the better, for it is not at all creditable as a specimen of the work of the new Society. The "Allusion Books" on the contrary bid fair to prove a valuable addition to Shakespearean literature. Both the publications are disfigured by the ridiculous spelling of Mr. Furnivall.

Most of our readers are probably aware of the fact that the distinguished artist, Mr. William Page, has been for years past engaged upon the task of reproducing the Becker or Kesselstadt mask of Shakespeare. Mr. Page had previously worked from photographs, and had succeeded in making a grand colossal mask, but he was not satisfied with the results he had obtained, and last summer he went to Darmstadt expressly to see the original. He was permitted by the owner, Dr. Becker, to examine it very fully, besides taking very accurate measurements and

having photographs taken for his own use. Heretofore the camera had to be adapted to suit the position in which the mask was, but this time the mask was placed in the most advantageous position for the camera. The results were most satisfactory, and Mr. Page returned to New York last fall with material for prosecuting his task, and at once went to work upon it with renewed interest. We may speedily look for the completion of his work, and are impatient for the final result.

Before leaving for Darmstadt Mr. Page intrusted to our care, for safe keeping, one of his colossal masks which he had made from photographs taken from the original. We have learned to love it, and to look forward with dread to the day when we will be called to deliver it up again. In pursuance of a promise given Mr. Page, we have kept it rigorously excluded from public gaze, and only two or three chosen friends have seen it.

We do not here propose to discuss the question of the authenticity of the original mask. That it is a mask taken from a dead face no one can deny, but whether that face was Shakespeare's or not no one will probably be able to prove now, from either a pedigree or from facts. The only kind of proof that can be brought forward is that of resemblance to the other portraits of Shakespeare, and not many will be able to see any resemblance between the mask and any of the portraits of Shakespeare, except, perhaps, the Jansen.

The Stratford bust is the most authentic representation of Shakespeare that we have, and the Droeshout engraving comes next in the order of authenticity. The Chandos portrait we do not recognize as an authentic representation of Shakespeare. We have two to choose from then—the Stratford bust and the Droeshout engraving. Now we desire to ask any unprejudiced reader of the BIBLIOPOLIST whether he can see any resemblance between these two? And again, whether he cannot trace as much resemblance between the Becker or Kesselstadt mask and either of these two as he can between the Stratford bust and the Droeshout engraving?

We learn that the Rev. H. N. Hudson (of Boston) is busily engaged in the prepa-

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ration of a new edition of Shakespeare, which will contain many new readings. It will be in a number of volumes, probably eight, and the printing of it will soon commence. Mr. Hudson has had very valuable help from Mr. Joseph Crosby, of Zanesville, Ohio, who has worked hard as a labor of love in a task which is most congenial to him; and we feel sure that Shakespearian students will thank Mr. Crosby for his many admirable explanations of the readings of the First Folio.

Mr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, is busily engaged upon the third volume of his "New Variorum Shakespeare." It will comprise the tragedy of "Hamlet," and when one thinks of the countless editions of this favorite play that have been published, and the almost innumerable commentaries and essays that have been written upon this grand tragedy, one cannot help admiring the courage which prompts Mr. Furness to undertake its publication in the same exhaustive manner as his previous volumes—"Romeo and Juliet" and "Macbeth." We know that Mr. Furness is one of the most conscientious and accurate editors that has ever lived. He is not content to take any reference or statement at second hand—he goes to the fountain-head for it. Possessing, as he does, one of the finest Shakespearian libraries in the United States, and having the time, means and ability to carry out his grand scheme, we wish him every success with his undertaking.

Among the new features which will be contained in this third volume, will be an index to all the notes; an improvement which every student will thank him for. This will be prepared, we understand, by his accomplished wife, to whom we owe the excellent and valuable "Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems," published last spring.

It is a delightful thing to see husband and wife so thoroughly in unity as Mr. and Mrs. Furness. They are to the United States what Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cowden Clarke are to England; though Mr. Furness is far ahead of Mr. Clarke as a Shakespearian.

In a catalogue of books and manuscripts sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, on February 14 and 15, 1873, appeared the following lot:

"353. Shakespeare, (William). The Felton Portrait, highly finished in oils, in richly gilt frame. *.* Mr. Steevens was of opinion that of all the portraits of Shakespeare, this has the fairest chance of being a genuine likeness of the illustrious Bard."

Can any of our readers inform us whether the above portrait was then sold, and if so, who was the purchaser; or in whose possession it now is? This portrait was at one time considered authentic, and is still very much admired by many people. Mr. Richard Grant White prefixed an engraving of it to his edition of Shakespeare, but his plate is so much altered from the original as to materially change its appearance.

We learn that Mr. E. R. Russell, late of the *Morning Star* and now of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, has in preparation a pamphlet containing an elaborate criticism of Mr. Irving's "Hamlet," which has been causing a sensation in London for some time past. It is shortly to be published, and we may hope that it will not be characterized by the absurd lack of Shakespearian scholarship lately exhibited by his fellow townsman, the writer of the series of articles on the same actor which lately appeared in the *Liverpool Town Crier*.

Not only have the London theatres found that revivals of Shakespeare "pay," but the provincial theatres are arriving at the same conclusion. Mr. Bateman proved to unbelieving managers that a play by Shakespeare, well mounted and well acted, would draw for weeks, and Mr. Irving's "Hamlet" has shown his foresight. The success of this gentleman has been so great that burlesques of him have already appeared. Among the latter we may mention that of Mr. Belmore's appearance in "Hamlet, the Hysterical; a Delirium in Five Spasms," at the Princess' Theatre, London. These burlesques are poor things at the best, but they serve their purpose, and please many who cannot appreciate Shakespeare in the original form.

At Drury Lane Mr. Anderson has made quite a hit in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and at the Crystal Palace Mr.

Wyndham has appeared in "As You Like It." Not to be outdone, the Haymarket Theatre produced "Much Ado About Nothing," with Miss Helen Fawcett as Beatrice.

"Romeo and Juliet," with Mr. Ferriss and Miss Wallis in the title roles, at Drury Lane, and "The Merchant of Venice," with Miss Terry as Portia, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, were also underlined.

At Liverpool "Henry V." drew crowded houses at the Alexandria Theatre, and at Manchester Miss Cavendish has appeared in "Romeo and Juliet."

We trust that the success of Shakespearian plays in England will lead to their more frequent production in this country.

Mr. J. W. Poinier writes as to the meaning of this passage :

"MRS. FORD. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death."

The Merry Wives of Windsor, IV., ii., 157.

Can any reader of the BIBLIOPOLIST give the explanation of the particular dissolution or mode of death here referred to?

J. PARKER NORRIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SALE OF A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF AMERICANA.

We have now in preparation a descriptive catalogue of a portion of the library belonging to Mr. Thomas W. Field, being so much as relates to the American Indians, the American Revolution, the War of 1812, and the historical collections of the various societies in the United States. Many readers of the BIBLIOPOLIST are doubtless acquainted with the extraordinary character of a portion of the library from having seen Mr. Field's "Essay Towards an Indian Bibliography, Being a Catalogue of Books relating to the History, Antiquities, Languages, Customs, Religion, Wars, Literature and Origin of the American Indians." The work has met with the commendation of most of the individuals who have given any attention to the subject, and the catalogue we are now preparing will be based on this Essay, with some alterations, additions, corrections, and many abridgments. We may remark that it is by far the largest collection on the subject ever sold in this or any other country. The "Historical Collections" are scarcely inferior in their completeness; it is hardly necessary to say that many of them are particularly scarce. The department of American history in general is also extensive. The catalogue is now in active preparation. The sale of the books will occur in April next, at the sale-rooms of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co.; our anxious friends may procure advance sheets of the catalogue by mail on sending us \$1.00 worth of postage stamps.

84 Nassau Street.

J. SABIN & SONS.

THE £1,000 BOOK HOAX EXPOSED.

By J. SABIN.

£1,000 REWARD.

A BOOK.—Any person having in his possession a certain book, printed in London by T. Jackson, Newgate Street, in 1830, with the name of M. Lindzell, *Pater Noster Row*, on the title page as publisher, against the publication of which the Lord Chancellor issued an injunction, it [*sic*] containing certain statements regarding a member of the Royal Family, will receive the above reward in gold by bringing the book to Mr. G. GOLBOURNE, 35, DUKE STREET, LONDON, or B. R. BROWN, 599, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U. S.

Only the one [*sic*] copy is known to be in the United States.

P. T. Thomas, Printer, 12, Warwick Square, London.

This statement, in the shape of a large hand-bill, was first brought to public notice in the window of a well-known publishing house on Broadway, who placed two copies conspicuously over two other handbills announcing "The Greville Memoirs," and a gaping crowd bore testimony to the marvellous effect of such an extraordinary offer. It was brought to our notice by several of our friends, to whose inquiries our uniform answer was that we thought it an obscure and indirect method of drawing attention to the above-mentioned "Memoirs." The offer was clumsily stated and ungrammatically expressed, and the idea that any book printed within this century should be worth one thousand pounds, was an absurdity of the greatest magnitude, and that any one who would pay so much for a book merely because it contained "certain statements regarding a member of the royal family," would be a first-class candidate for a lunatic asylum. The (N. Y.) *Sun* of January 22, 1875, contained the following :

"£1,000 FOR A BOOK.

"HOW ROYALTY SUPPRESSES A SCANDAL WITHOUT MAKING A STATEMENT.

"Bibliophilists and dealers in old books have had their curiosity and avarice excited in the last three days by a placard in which is announced a reward of one thousand pounds in gold for a certain book. The mystery is to learn the name of the volume, and what there is about it that makes it so precious. The only information given in the placard is that it

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is a certain book printed in London by T. Jackson, of Newgate street, in 1830, with the name of M. Lindsell, Pater Noster row, on the title page, as publisher. It says that the Lord Chancellor prohibited the publication of the work because it contained statements regarding a member of the royal family. An address in Duke street, London, is given as the place where the reward will be paid.

"There is only one copy of the nameless book in the United States, according to the circular.

"Why the title of the book for which a sum is offered equal to that advertised for the recovery of the \$200,000 worth of family jewels stolen from Lady Dudley, is not given, is something that the bibliophiles cannot understand. The reward is the most extraordinary in their experience.

"The year 1830 was the one in which the fourth and last of the Georges who sat on the throne of England died. The monarch's life was the subject of many scandals, some of which found their way into print, and were subsequently suppressed by the Government."

Shortly afterward the mail brought us a copy of the handbill announcing the reward, and we instantly discovered it was an impudent fiction. It purported to be printed by "*P. T. Thomas, 12, Warwick Square, London.*" We are sure that the handbill we received was not printed in London—the paper is of American manufacture, and its entire construction is so bungled as well as ungrammatical, as to preclude the probability of its having been printed in London. In the first place we were quite sure that there had not been a publisher of the "name of M. Lindsell, *Pater Noster Row*, during the present century. Secondly, *Paternoster* is *one* word, not *two*, as applied to the locality named. Thirdly, that it is not the custom in England to offer any particular sum of money "in gold," for the simple reason that all payments are made in gold or its equivalent, and we concluded that the whole subject was a delusion and a snare, and supposed that the trick would have been easily detected by any intelligent bookseller, but it was not. We were overrun with inquiries, we were bored to the extent of our temper by endeavoring to answer the questions of our friends and customers who thought we ought to know what book a "certain book" was. The newspapers of the day, not only in New York, but all over the United States, were indulging in all sorts of conjectures about this book; all sorts of stories, which had been dead and buried for over half a century, have been revived. We have the old story of the

marriage of George IV. to Mrs. Fitzherbert—the stories of his other amours; we have half a dozen or so new heirs to the throne, who, no matter what may be their baptismal names, have concluded, on the strength of this remarkable book, to call themselves "George the Fifth." One writer seriously shakes his head and remarks that this book "will alter the succession." The stories would be comic if they were not serious, or they would be serious if they were not comic. We have all the scandals of the royal princes, the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke, the Duke of Cumberland and his victim, Sellis. Indeed, all the peccadilloes of the Georgian princes and dukes are rehashed for our benefit, and we have spread before us such an amount of information concerning the Court and family of George the Fourth, that we have no hesitation in saying that to-day the American public at large are much better acquainted with the leading incidents in the life of the family of George III. than are the majority of Englishmen themselves. And all this grows out of a prodigious hoax, which we now propose to analyze.

Our first public effort in this direction took the shape of the following card:

The £1,000 Book.—We have had many inquiries as to the name of a mysterious book, for which the enormous sum of £1,000 is offered by a Mr. Golbourne in London, or a Mr. Brown in New York, and the question seems to have acquired so much importance in the newspapers that we have thought it worth while to say that, in our judgment, the whole story is a sublime humbug, or else an obscure method of advertising a "certain book" which has lately been published in this country. We have ascertained that there is no B. R. Brown to be found at No. 599 Broadway, and there is no G. Golbourne, 35 Duke St., in the London Directory of last year. But we are met this morning with a statement in the newspapers that a certain Mr. Fountain T. Fox, of Louisville, is the fortunate possessor of this precious work. We hope that Mr. Fountain T. Fox will not, on the strength of that forthcoming (?) thousand pounds, indulge in any riotous living, for the book which is described is nothing more or less than—

"*Memoirs of George the Fourth, Descriptive of the most Interesting Scenes of his Private and Public Life; and the Important Events of his Memorable Reign, with Characteristic Sketches of all the Celebrated Men who were his Friends and Companions as a Prince, and his Ministers and Counsellors as a Monarch.* By Robert Huish. Compiled from Authentic Sources and Documents in the King's Library in the British Museum, &c. London, printed (by William Clowes, Stamford street) for T. Kelly, Paternoster Row; Fisher, Son and P. JACKSON, NEWGATE STREET; Jones and Co., Temple of the Muses, Finsbury Square; G. Virtue, Ivy Lane, 1830. 2 vols, 8vo. With Portraits of his Court and Courtiers."

This work was said to have been suppressed, but

it is by no means rare—we have sold several copies at about \$10.00 (ten dollars per set), and will undertake to furnish it to any anxious inquirer at about that figure.

The story of George the Fourth and his alleged marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert is all told by the Hon. C. Langdale in his "Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert," 8vo., London, 1856—a book which has not been suppressed, and it is surprising that the newspapers should have been so easily led into the discussion of this "humbug." Mr. Fox's name, and the fact that he has "received a number of dispatches," is suggestive of still another sell.

We might add that there can be no reason for offering any such reward in view of the political importance of proving the existence of a claimant to the throne of England. Such importance is entirely supposititious—for, from the nature of the "Royal Marriage Act," and the law of "Protestant Succession," even an ordinarily regular marriage was illegal under the circumstances, and the issue of any such marriage illegitimate. Mrs. Fitzherbert was a "subject" and a "Roman Catholic."

J. SABIN & SONS.

84 NASSAU ST., N. Y., Feb. 1, 1875.

This card appeared in all the New York morning papers of February 2d, and on the same day we were "interviewed" by a representative of the press, the result of which appeared in the (N. Y.) *Times*, of Feb. 3:

"Yesterday morning a *Times* reporter called at the store of Messrs. J. Sabin & Sons, No. 84 Nassau street, to ask about the volume now known as 'the thousand-pound book.' Mr. Sabin said that he had little more to tell beyond what he had told in his letter already published. The public might like to know, however, that since the publication of the articles in reference to it he had heard of several copies in this city. While the reporter was talking with Mr. Sabin a gentleman entered the store with a copy of the work in question under his arm. He said he did not want to sell it, but had merely brought it to Mr. Sabin that he might examine it. Mr. Sabin told him that he now had an opportunity at least to know what book was really meant in the advertisement, as Mr. B. R. Brown, who could not be found at No. 599 Broadway, had said if the owner of the 'Memoirs of George IV.' would examine the second volume, he would find the history of the one advertised for, and its suppression related in detail. Mr. Sabin added that it was a pity that Mr. Brown had not given the page, as the matter might then be settled at once. When asked what he thought was intended by the advertisement, Mr. Sabin said he was at a loss to imagine, as there was no such book as the one described in existence, and there never had been."

We had hoped that all this would terminate our labors in the "suppression" of this "sublime humbug," but it did not. Early in the forenoon of the 3d, we were called upon by an elderly man who was not aware we knew him, and who wished

to inform us that there *was* a "Mr. B. R. Brown at 599 Broadway, New York, U. S.," who had this £1000 all ready in gold, to pay over to us or anybody else who could produce *the book* for which he had advertised. Notwithstanding this assurance, we continued to express our disbelief in the genuineness of the offer; we assured him that there was no other book printed in 1830 (the date of King George's death), which partook of the nature of scandalous memoirs than those by Huish, to which we had referred; that they were not scandalous any further than that they were doubtless true; and that it would be impossible to name any sort of scandal in relation to George the IV. which might not be true, and we insisted with some warmth that there was certainly some trick at the bottom of this pretended offer, especially in view of the fact that he (John Banvard) was so ready to vouch for the existence of Mr. Brown, and his ability, even if he did occupy a small room on the fourth floor, to pay the promised reward. In the course of a rather heated conversation, we elicited from Mr. Banvard the statement (?) that he had this precious book, and that it was half printed, and as this was blurred out accidentally, it elicited a loud laugh (in which he could not help joining) at the manner in which we had got at these facts; and we conclude it was this circumstance that led him to make the statement he did in the *Evening Post*. The secret was out, and he made a virtue of necessity by showing his hand. We desired him to show us *the book* which he said he had in his bag, but he declined on the principle, we presume, that a counterfeiter has a special aversion to exhibit his work to an engraver—for we should certainly have seen just what the "certain book" was. Immediately on making this discovery, we wrote the following card for the newspapers, some of which used it in part, but none in full, for the reason perhaps that it reflected somewhat upon their editorial judgment:

THAT £1,000 BOOK AGAIN.

Office of THE AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST,
84 NASSAU ST., February 3, 1874.

We supposed we had killed the snake—he is only scotched after all—but the secret is now out. You, gentlemen of the newspaper press, are the victims of a most ingenious method of bringing into notice (without charge) a "certain book" intended to be

printed and published, which is said to be a reprint of this suppressed book. We have this information direct from the gentleman who has so successfully hoodwinked the press as to his ultimate design—he is not unknown to fame on both sides of the Atlantic, he is an artist on a large scale, he has painted the largest picture in the world, it is three miles long, we do not know how many broad, and it has been exhibited to admiring audiences in various parts of the world—his name is not Barnum, but it is Banvard—John Banvard, the proprietor of Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi River, who deserves hereafter to be put on an equality with Richard Adams Locke and his famous "Moon Hoax." This is the famous Book Hoax, and will hereafter entitle Mr. Banvard to the highest consideration as an adept in the art of advertising or, not to put it too strong, humbugging the press. Mr. Banvard assures us that there is a Mr. Brown at 599 Broadway, who is ready to pay that £1,000 for that "certain book;" Mr. Banvard at first declined to give us the title of the book, but in the excitement of our conversation he unwittingly made the statement that the book was *half printed*—thus literally letting the cat out of the bag.* He claims to have a copy of the book in his own possession, which is now going through the press, and for which he expects a large sale owing to the extensive (gratuitous) advertising he has secured. Mr. Banvard exhibited to us what purported to be copied from Huish in respect to the book wanted, and that referred to a book called "The Book," a publication just as easily procured as Huish, but which is entirely devoted to the investigation of the conduct of the Princess of Wales, and was published in 1813, but the extract exhibited to us went on to say that it was suppressed by the Chancellor of the *Exchequer*—a statement so absurd as not to be worth considering. Mr. Banvard's story is that, when in England in 1849, he secured this remarkable work, and that his design was to reprint it on the occasion of an intended rising of the Chartists, but the Chartists have not risen, and Mr. Banvard's investment did not seem to be profitable until the happy thought occurred to him of getting up this excitement.

Considering the fact that Mr. Banvard has "the book" in his possession, it is a little remarkable that he does not avail himself of Mr. Brown's offer and take (?) the thousand pounds, after having a careful copy taken in MS., which he could have had made for fifty dollars, or what would have been better we could have supplied him, or anybody else, with a *printed* copy for ten dollars—we repeat our remark of yesterday, it is a "sublime humbug," and the £1,000 will never be forthcoming, for the simple reason that a certain book is very uncertain, and the owner of a certain book will be certain to find that when he sees (?) Mr. Brown that he is certainly mistaken—it is something else which Mr. Brown wants, and that something concerning the book, is gratuitous advertising.

The idea conveyed in one of the newspaper articles was, that the present royal family were willing to pay a thousand pounds to get a scandal out of the way, is, to use a slang phrase, entirely "too thin"—the

* We may add that he had a "black bag" with him in which he had a copy of Huish's George IV., as described in our former letter.

present royal family are used to that sort of thing. The only book which was *suppressed* relative to George the Fourth, is entitled:

"Secret History of the Court of England, from the Accession of George the Third to the death of George the Fourth: By the Right Honorable Lady Anne Hamilton. London, Henry Stevenson. 1832." 2 vols, 8vo.

This book was really written by Olivia Wilmot Serres, who claimed to be the daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III.; the book is not very uncommon, and we may as well remark that a suppressed book is generally procurable at some price, not very extravagant—and while our hand is in we may remark that there are not half-a-dozen printed books in the world that are worth a thousand pounds each. The next time a thousand pounds is offered for a book it will be in order to ascertain something tangible concerning the book, the author and the covert advertiser. J. SABIN & SONS.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing we have seen Mr. Banvard's card in the *Evening Post* of to-night. We propose to go through Vol. II, of Huish's *Memoirs* during to-morrow, when we expect to be able to throw more light on this subject. That Huish should have given expression to such miserable twaddle as is there attributed to him, seems to us incredible—that the Chancellor of the *Exchequer* should concern himself about anything except the finances of the kingdom is to us incomprehensible. Mr. Banvard has omitted from his quotation the title "The Book," which was in the manuscript shown to us by him this morning, and there are other discrepancies; the original advertisement offering the reward reads, "Printed in London by T. Jackson, Newgate-Street." Banvard's extract reads, printed by "M. Edwards;" in the original advertisement "M. Lindsell" is located in Paternoster row, Banvard places him in "Wimpole Street." Mr. Banvard has confirmed under his own name our previously expressed opinion, that the whole thing is an "advertising dodge" to sell a comparatively valueless book, the interest of which died with the occasion, but is revived by an artist in advertising.

The afternoon of that day, February 3, the (N. Y.) *Evening Post* contained the following statement:

THAT MYSTERIOUS BOOK.

ITS EXISTENCE STILL AFFIRMED—ITS TRUE HISTORY.

The card of Mr. Sabin, of this city, showing that the book found in the hands of a Louisville lawyer, who supposed that it was the one for which a reward of £1,000 has been advertised as offered by persons in England, is by no means a rare one, has led to the conclusion that the advertisement was a hoax, and that there is no book which any person connected with the English government has an interest in suppressing. This morning Mr. John Banvard, well known as a lecturer and artist, called at this office and asserted that the book described by Mr. Sabin is not the one called for by the advertisement, and showed us parts of a book which he has in his possession, and which he declares is the one which some one in England is so anxious to obtain. This book he is now having reprinted as rapidly as possible, and

he says it will show by its contents why it is so much sought after. The following statement in regard to the book has been written by Mr. Banvard for us, and we give it over his signature:

To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:

I wish the *Evening Post* to tell the true particulars regarding a certain book, now creating such an excitement throughout the country, for which £1,000 reward has been offered.

The book was placed in my hands in London, in 1849, by a committee of Chartist gentlemen, with the understanding that at the next Chartist demonstration I should see it published in this country—they assuring me that there would be another Chartist movement within five years, but there has been none since their suppression at that period. They informed me that the Lord Chamberlain had or would discover the book's existence, and that it would be certainly destroyed. I took the book and pledged myself to publish it, and have been making preparations so to do by our annual birthday at the Centennial of 1876, and have prepared numerous illustrations for that purpose. By the advice of several literary friends I shall bring it out immediately.

The book that many persons suppose is the one for which a reward is offered is correctly described by Mr. Sabin in his card, but it of course is not the real one, as the following extract from the book which Mr. Sabin refers to, and of which I have a copy, will show the Sabin book itself describing the one for which search is making:

"A LIBERAL REWARD FOR A BOOK.—Any person having in his possession a copy of a certain book, printed by Mr. Edwards, but never published, with W. Lindsell's name as the seller of the same on the title page, and will bring it to W. Lindsell, Wimpole street, will receive a handsome gratuity." This was an advertisement that appeared in the London newspapers when those high in the court and aristocracy found it of vital importance to the very existence of the British realm that a certain publication should be suppressed. In the memoirs of George IV., published in London in 1831, some account is given of this suppressed mysterious edition. Notwithstanding the power, perseverance and money used, the work was not entirely suppressed, although thousands of pounds were expended for the purpose. The most profound secrecy was observed in printing the work, for it was foreseen that heaven and earth would be moved to stop its publication. The first five thousand copies were delivered to the principal after the printing, when the contents became known and the Chancellor of the Exchequer suppressed 'the book,' as he thought, thoroughly, but two copies escaped. At first a few got into circulation, but these were sought out by the government. An editor of a daily newspaper obtained a copy and by successful maneuvering he obtained for it the sum of fifteen hundred pounds. His success induced other editors and private individuals who had copies to apply for similar compensation, and the books were bought up at incredibly large sums, with the exception of the two mentioned copies."

This book is now nearly through the press, and will appear in about ten days, with the title of the "Private Life of a King." I forgot to mention that

there was also placed in my hands a large quantity of Chartist documents corroborative of the contents of the book.

This is the true story about the "Mysterious Book."

Respectfully yours,

JOHN BANVARD.

Flushing, Long Island, Feb. 3, 1875.

We wrote a reply, which the *Evening Post* did not print, perhaps because it demonstrated that, notwithstanding our previous eye-opener, he had duped* them into printing an extract from Huish which was, in fact, "miserable twaddle" of his own, which we shall hereafter prove. The *Evening Post* is in error in supposing that we said there was "no book which any person connected with the English Government has an interest in suppressing." There is nothing of the kind in our cards. But we do now say that there is nothing dating back to 1830, or earlier, for which the English Government is likely to offer either £1 or £1,000 reward; and when it does it is not likely it will seek the services of an obscure Mr. Brown, with a possible existence in the fourth floor of a Broadway store. If Brown is not a myth, or an equivalent of Banvard, we call on him for the documents—the correspondence with Mr. Golbourne, (?) the letters with their corresponding envelopes, and any other matter bearing on the subject. Mr. Brown, come to the front!

Notwithstanding some of the statements which follow, we very much question if the sum of one thousand pounds ever was paid to get a printed book out of the way.

Mr. Banvard says, "I wish the *Evening Post* to tell the true (?) particulars of a certain book," &c., and then proceeds to tell a cock-and-bull story about "a committee of

*The editors of the (N. Y.) *Evening Express* were not so easily gulled, but wisely contented themselves with informing their readers:

The mysterious book for which £1,000 was offered turns out to be an advertising dodge, and will be published some ten days hence in this city.

"This book is now nearly through the press, and will appear in about ten days with the title of the 'Private Life of a King.' I forgot to mention that there was also placed in my hands a large quantity of Chartist documents corroborative of the contents of the book.

"This is a true story about the 'Mysterious Book.'"

"JOHN BANVARD.

"Flushing, L. I., Feb. 3, 1875."

Chartist gentlemen." Chartist gentlemen! save the mark! This is just equivalent to saying of the inhabitants of the Five Points, "Gentlemen of the Five Points!" The Chartists themselves would have resented the appellation. They were earnest and probably honest men, led on by charlatans to demand revolutionary reforms for which the masses were not prepared. It is thirty years since they started to attain "Five Points," viz: Universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, equal electoral districts, and payment of members. The only point reached so far is vote by ballot. These "Chartist gentlemen" placed "the book" in the hands of Mr. Banvard "with the understanding that at the next Chartist demonstration" he "should see it published in this country."

Thus Mr. Banvard has not kept faith with these "Chartist gentlemen," who are doubtless waiting to make a demonstration. Perhaps the publication of this terrible unknown book will provoke such a demonstration. What the book has to do with Chartism, or with any American interest, is what "no feller can find out."

He then remarks that the Lord Chamberlain "had or would discover the book's existence, and that it would be certainly destroyed." Now any one having the least possible acquaintance with the function of the Lord Chamberlain, must be well aware that such talk is sheer nonsense. The Lord Chamberlain is supposed to look after the length of the skirts of the ballet, and the morality of the plays which are acted "by Her Majesty's servants," but is not supposed to concern himself about mere books. And here Mr. Banvard has made a change of base. The reward handbill credits the suppression of the book to the Lord Chancellor, here it is credited to the Lord Chamberlain; and in the pretended extract (?) from Huish it is credited to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Which ever you please, my little dears; you pays your money and you takes your choice." Oh! Mr. Banvard, there is an ancient maxim about the class of people who should have good memories. It is especially applicable when such people rush into print. The truth concerning the book here referred to is, that the man who caused it to be printed—Spencer Perceval—simply prevented its

distribution after it was printed. Of which more by and by.

Then Mr. Banvard "took the book and pledged" himself "to publish it," and says "I have been making preparations so to do by our annual birthday at the Centennial of 1876." Now we predict for our "Centennial" a miserable failure, and all because this remarkable book is permitted to come out within a few days. Pray, gentlemen of the Centennial, take up a special collection and stop the publication of this Royal Scandal until the Centennial. It will be such a seasonable publication, and who knows perhaps the Prince of Wales would come once more to Philadelphia, and buy it "for the sake of the family reputation." Now why is this special piece of scandal hurried through the press at this moment? Mr. Banvard says, "by the advice of several literary friends;" we challenge their names; no person of any sort of literary intelligence would dream of recommending the publication of such stuff as he is really printing—but we are anticipating. Then Mr. Banvard proceeds to make what he calls an "extract from the book which Mr. Sabin refers to," i. e., "Huish's Memoirs."—Said extract commences "A Liberal Reward," etc., as above. When this appeared, we had not a copy of Huish in our possession, but our inner consciousness prompted us to say that Huish had never "given expression to such miserable twaddle as is there attributed to him;" for by a remarkable oversight, Banvard interpolates this quotation with remarks or his own in such a manner that he actually quotes Huish as referring to "The Memoirs of George IV., published in London in 1831," which is Huish's own work which first appeared in numbers, and was completed in 1830, not 1831, as Banvard states.

The book is now *sub visu*, and it will scarcely be credited when we say that the whole of the so-called extract from Huish, except a quotation of six lines, as to "the book" which Huish himself extracts from the newspaper of the day, appears to be the production of Mr. Banvard's heated imagination. It seemed to us incredible that a writer like Huish should say the "Court and aristocracy found it of vital importance to the very existence of the British realm, that a certain publication

should be suppressed!!" "it was foreseen that Heaven and earth would be moved to stop its publication!!!" Moved to stop is an elegant metaphor; it reminds one of that panorama that was moved to stop and stopped to move till it moved again; and this sort of stuff goes down with the *Evening Post* as the veritable production of an English writer of fair ability. It is Banvard all over—painted with the same brush which daubed the Mississippi. And this is a "true story!"—pray, what would a false story be?

It is worth while to note here that the book called for in the card is said to be printed by Mr. Edwards, and sold by W. Lindsell, *Wimpole Street*; in the handbill Brown offers (?) a reward for a book printed by T. Jackson, and sold by M. Lindsell, *Pater Noster Row*; showing another change of base, and clearly indicating that the trickster is a fool as well as a humbug. But the concluding portion of Mr. Banvard's card is so ridiculous, that we cannot let it pass without some notice. "I forgot (?) to mention that there was also placed in my hands a large quantity of Chartist documents, corroborative of the contents of the book." He forgot—why say forgot, it was not too late to say it, it was not improper to place it where it is; but possibly Mr. Banvard has a suspicion that he is a bungler in his English, and he talks about forgetting, when in fact he has not forgotten. As to the Chartist documents, corroborating contents, he probably means statements; how they can corroborate the *contents* of a book which is the record of a court of enquiry which needed no corroboration, and which sat thirty years before the Chartists had any political existence, passes our humble comprehension. He might as well have said that he had a profound treatise on the sun's parallax, or what would be more to the point, something relating to the transit of Venus.

So much for Mr. Banvard's story. Now for our true story; and as we do not intend to republish "the book," we have no ulterior motives in presenting it. Our desire is to expose a fraud and place the matter in its 'rue light before the public.

The circumstances of the case seem to demand a little preliminary history. The Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, was married to the Princess Caroline in

1795. The Princess Charlotte was born in 1796. Three months after the birth of this princess the royal pair separated, and the Princess Caroline lived at Montague House till 1806. At about this period certain scandals began to be whispered, attributing to Caroline great impropriety and indecency of behavior. The charge was that Her Royal Highness had been pregnant in the year 1802, and had been delivered of a male child, and a commission, consisting of four noblemen, was appointed to investigate the matter, which commission reported that there was no foundation for the scandal, but that the child was born on the 11th of July, 1802, of the body of Sarah Austin, and was first brought to the Princess's house in the month of November following. Upon the reception of this report the King (George III.) consented to the Princess's admission to Windsor Castle. It will be recollected that in the year 1807 the Princess of Wales, in a correspondence with Her Majesty, complained of the delays which had taken place in her not being restored to Her Majesty's presence and favor; and such correspondence, and the publication of the proceedings relative to the charges of Lady Douglas, seemed to her to be almost the only remaining source for the vindication of her honor and character. "These proceedings, preparatory to publication, were arranged by Mr. Perceval, and have since been designated by the title of 'The Book.' It appears that this book was printed by the order and under the direction of Mr. Perceval himself, at or about this period. The printing of the work was intrusted to the care of Mr. Edwards, printer, in Crane Court, Fleet Street, and a certain member of Parliament was the confidential assistant. The proof-sheets were sent to an *ostensible* editor at the west end of the town, for the purpose of misleading the inquisitive. The number worked off was only five thousand copies. . . . The most profound secrecy was observed in the printing of this work. The whole of the five thousand copies, with the exception of *two*, were delivered at the house of the principal in the transaction; and soon after Mr. Perceval was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer the book was then suppressed. It, however, happened,

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notwithstanding the care with which the copies of this book were transferred to their master, that a few never reached the place of secrecy; and one of these falling into the hands of the proprietors of a daily newspaper, by successful manœuvres he is said to have obtained for it £1,500. His success induced others who possessed copies to apply for a similar reward, and various sums were given for what has been quaintly termed the residuum of this extraordinary book.

Against one editor of a newspaper who possessed a copy, and who had given public notice of his intention to reprint the volume, an injunction from the Chancellor was issued, in March, 1808, to prevent him from parting with or publishing the contents of the book, or extracts from it, under the penalty of £5,000. Subsequently the copy was purchased of him for one thousand guineas. As private applications for getting in the work had not succeeded to the wishes of the Minister, it was advertised, and a notice appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 20, 1809:

A BOOK! A BOOK!!

The following advertisement appeared yesterday in a ministerial paper: "A Book! Any person having in his possession a copy of a certain book printed by Mr. Edwards in 1807, but never published, with W. Lindsell's name as seller of the same on the title page, and will bring it to W. Lindsell, bookseller, will receive a handsome gratuity."

The same advertisement appeared in the *Times*, three days afterwards.

Now what was "The Book" concerning which we have these remarkable statements. It was a record of the Court of Enquiry into the alleged misconduct of the Princess of Wales, prepared by or for Mr. Spencer Perceval,* who had been her counsellor and friend, and who "it is generally understood caused the whole proceedings to be thrown together in the form of a book, and two large impressions of them to be printed; notwithstanding, every individual person engaged in this business was sworn to observe the most inviolable

secrecy. In vain was all the anxiety expressed for the communication of this mysterious book to the public at large, as Mr. Perceval conceived that one or two copies for the use of his royal master was quite sufficient."

It should be noted that owing to some secret influences which have never been satisfactorily explained, further than that he met with political advancement, Perceval, from having been one of the strongest friends of the Princess Caroline, became, if not antagonistic, certainly indifferent, and that circumstance may partly account for his anxiety to suppress the "Delicate Investigation," for this was the title given to the original edition of "The Book." Nearly three years had passed on, when Mr. Perceval thought proper to attend to some whispers, implying that some copies of the book were in the hands of several persons; the increasing uneasiness occasioned by this conjecture, is supposed to have led to the following extraordinary advertisement, "A Book! A Book!" and here follows the advertisement we have quoted from Huish *supra*: also, further statements, similar in their bearing to those contained in Huish, as to the sums paid for copies of the work, concerning which we have grave doubts as to their truth in regard to the sums said to have been paid for the book. That the book as first printed in 1806 was intended to be suppressed, we have no doubt; the debate in the House of Commons, quote Mr. Whitread as having reminded Mr. Perceval that "there was a time when the Right Hon. gentleman not only thought it not inconsistent with his duty to give information on the subject of 'The Delicate Investigation,' but when he took every pains to spread this information as generally as possible. At that time a book was prepared, which was intended to be circulated most extensively, both here and upon the Continent. The book, however, had been suppressed, and the outstanding copies had been bought up at great expense, out of some fund or other, whether private or public he could not say. He could not conceive why the Right Hon. gentleman now remained mute, when before he had a thousand tongues." Mr. Tiernay, another M.P., spoke in a similar strain; both these

* We quote from Page XIII of *The Book* as edited by C. V. Williams in 1813.

gentlemen had evidently forgotten Sir Robert Walpole's maxim, that every man had his price—Mr. Perceval's price for silence was the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

We have asked the question, what is this book—this mysterious book which it has "moved heaven and earth to stop?" Mr. Banvard does not tell us—let us see if we can guess what it is he is reprinting.

Spencer Perceval, who had caused the book to be prepared, and who, according to Huish, had printed 5,000 copies, and according to Williams had *two* large impressions printed, was, on May 11, 1812, assassinated while passing into the House of Commons by John Bellingham. After his death, a Mr. C. V. Williams wrote his life. The same gentleman also issued a volume, entitled—

"The Book," complete: being the whole of the Depositions in the Investigations of the Conduct of the Princess of Wales, before Lords Erskine, Spenser, Grenville, and Ellenborough, the Four Commissioners of Inquiry, appointed by the King, in the year 1806. Prepared for Publication by the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval. To which is prefixed an Historical Preface, including Every Fact that has Transpired since the Period of the Investigation. The whole forming one of the most interesting documents ever laid before the British public. By C. V. Williams, Esq., author of *The Life of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval*. London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely & Jones, 20, Paternoster Row. 1813." 8vo, pp. lxiv, 260.

Now the historical Preface to the edition is printed by Charles Squier, whereas the "Delicate Investigation" is printed by J. G. Barnard, and our judgment is that this is one of the *two* impressions which Perceval had printed, and that Williams has utilized the material by adding a preface, and that the Delicate Investigation is, to all intents and purposes, one of the two impressions the issue of which was prevented by Perceval during his life. On the subject of there having been two impressions, it may fairly be inferred that Williams is a good authority. He could have scarcely written a life of Perceval unless he had access to his papers; and we think our hypothesis is at once probable and reasonable. That there was nothing in the Investigation itself to render it obnoxious to a public suppression, is evident from the fact that there are two other re-

prints of the same material—one entitled "That Book," as heretofore quoted; the other was—

THE GENUINE BOOK.

AN
INQUIRY,
OR
DELICATE INVESTIGATION
INTO
THE CONDUCT
OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
BEFORE

Lords Erskine, Spencer, Grenville, and Ellenborough, The Four Special Commissioners of Inquiry, Appointed by His Majesty in the year 1806.

Reprinted from an Authentic Copy.
Superintended through the Press by the Right.
Hon. Spencer Perceval.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by R. Edwards, Crane Court, Fleet Street,
and published by W. LINDSELL, WIGMORE
STREET; Reprinted and sold by M. Jones,
5 Newgate Street.
1813.*

Another is entitled the "Spirit of the Book;" and had there been any reason beyond a personal one, they would have also been suppressed. Neither of these three books are scarce, neither are they very saleable. They have not enough of scandal in them to make them what is called spicy; and in one sense they do not relate to the Prince of Wales or George the Fourth; they relate to his wife, from whom he was separated. And with all his faults, which were innumerable, it is not easy to show that he was at the bottom of *this* conspiracy against his wife.

We cannot close this long notice without

* The reader will please to observe the imprint to this edition and compare it with the Reward bill, and also to consult the imprint of Huish's *Memoirs*, on page 35, and he will at once perceive that it was perfectly safe to offer a thousand, or any other number of pounds, for such a book. It is a dexterous mixture of titles which could never come together in one book, and the offer is a fraud which should entitle its compounder to a presentation before a grand jury.

inviting attention to Banvard's advertisement which we here reproduce :

Will be out in a few days. Great Mysterious Book, for which £1,000 were offered, and £5,000 could not buy. Copyright edition.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A KING.

EMBODYING THE SUPPRESSED MEMOIRS OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

AFTERWARDS

GEORGE IV, OF ENGLAND.

Now first published. Copyright edition.

By JOHN BANVARD, (Artist.)

Drawn from the secret Archives of the Chartists and authentic documents in the British Museum, 1875.

600 pp. 12mo. Price, \$2.50.

Should it be the book we have supposed, it is high akin to a printed lie. It is not the private life of the King, but a chapter in the life of his wife. It cannot be copyright, for it is a reprint of an English book; and if it is now first published it cannot be the work for which he advertised, for that he says was published; and all that we have said about these other editions must be wrong; but we are not. That it is by John Banvard, we shall not question; only for artist we should say inventor. But we find that after it is said to be by John Banvard, he adds—"Drawn from the secret Archives of the Chartists and authentic documents in the British Museum, 1875." Surely the force of impudence could no further go.

The British Museum we believe in, but the "Archives of the Chartists!"—BOSH!! *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

Our last card to the newspapers reads as follows:

THE £1,000 BOOK HOAX.

Office of THE AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST,
84 NASSAU ST., February 4, 1875.

Having fully investigated the question of that mysterious book for which £1,000 is offered by a Mr. Brown of 599 Broadway, we respectfully acquaint you that there is NO SUCH BOOK IN EXISTENCE as "a certain book, printed in London by T. Jackson, Newgate-Street, in 1830, with the name of M. Lindsell, Pater Noster Row, on the title-page;" this fictitious imprint is an admixture of the title-pages of two

works, one, Huish's Memoirs, dated 1830, the other, styled "The Genuine Book," printed in 1813. The offer is a mere advertising dodge, to draw attention to a book which is being reprinted in New York.

J. SABIN & SONS.

Our readers who do not wish to be bored on the subject, may content themselves with reading this only.

We conclude our notice with an apology for thus treating this question. It is beneath contempt of itself, but the immense space it has lately occupied in the newspapers seems to warrant us in this attempt at microscopic anatomy. *Exit Banvard.*

[The World of February 8 had the following further exposé of the hoax.—Ed. :

THE £1,000 BOOK AGAIN.

A CHAPTER OF CURIOUS COINCIDENCES AND GREAT AND MUTUAL SURPRISES.

Among all the rumors and reports, negative and affirmative, in regard to the search for and the approaching publication of a work giving the private life of the last of the Georges, two facts have been made public. A placard has been issued and scattered far and wide offering £1,000 cash for a certain book which is presumably described in the bill, and, second, very soon thereafter Mr. John Banvard notifies the public that he has the book, is engaged in getting out a reprint, and will ere long allow the whole American people and the world besides to enjoy a full dose of by-gone royal scandal, illustrated up to date. Mere coincidence may have impelled Mr. Banvard into publishing, and the English unknown into purchasing, at the same time, but the coincidences do not stop here. The lucky holder of the volume described in the circular has the choice of two points of deposit. Mr. L. Goulbourne, of London, and Mr. Brown, of 599 Broadway, in this city, were each ready to pay over the cash to the lucky holder of the book. Despatches from the other side speak of a fruitless search for Mr. Goulbourne to the address given him on the card, while cursory observers also failed to find Mr. Brown at his Broadway address; and the impression arose that the whole thing was an attempt to raise a little blow of excitement by some waggish fellow.

The search was not thorough, however. A Mr. Brown did have an office at the number indicated in Broadway. It is not surprising that it was overlooked, or rather underlooked, as it was a seven by ten dingy little box in the garret flat of the building, and a dusty little card tacked to the office door announced to any who had wandered to these upper regions that Mr. Brown did business there. But here another coincidence steps in. Mr. Banvard occupies the adjoining seven by ten office. While Mr. Brown in box No. 1 is moving the heavens and the earth to find an insignificant little volume, scattering handbills from end to end of the continent, with the attractive bait of £1,000 as a heading, Mr. Banvard is reading proof and otherwise industriously engaged in box No. 2 in getting out, as he hopes, a monster edition of what he claims to be this very book. They were a very busy pair of B's indeed, each at-

tending to his own function—the one offering, the other preparing to respond a thousand-fold to his offers. It is needless to say that they are now mutually cognizant of their lines of labor. But the reciprocal surprise must have been something enormous when the moment of discovery arrived.

Now the one Mr. B. was not by any means a stranger to the other Mr. B. Conversely their relations, in a business way at least, were of long standing. Mr. Banvard is an artist, and many will remember the noble panorama which he first painted and then explained with much oratorical grace to audiences both here and abroad. He added to his other attractions a museum, and curious odds and ends from the domains of nature and art graced his exhibition halls. He associated with himself kindred and moneyed spirits, and formed a museum company, the results of their enterprise being seen in the dusty cases of Wood's Museum. A contract, by which a yearly stipend was made over to the Banvard company, was entered into with the proprietors of Wood's Theatre, and the Banvard collection passed into and under the control of the theatrical folk. This necessitated the keeping alive of the old company, and it is represented to-day, in an official capacity, by Mr. Banvard as President, and Mr. Brown as Secretary. This is another coincidence.

Conversations with the gentlemen concerned do not entirely clear up the doubts which, do what one may, will intermingle with all this string of coincidences. Mr. Brown, when asked whether he had yet succeeded in obtaining possession of the coveted book, answers that it has been arranged, but avoids saying from whom it has been received, whether the money has been paid, and the other proper particulars. When pushed with questions as to his business, his connection with the book, he answers that he is a sort of a literary man, and then responds with the oracular answer that "there is a time to speak and a time to keep silence," when he relapses into conventionalities, and while yet talking readily on nothing in particular, maintains a strictly non-committal attitude on the topic of the book. Mr. Banvard is an elderly gentleman, but his son attends his office and answers the calls of visitors. In the absence of Mr. Brown he takes both offices under his care, and acts as home guard for both. He is very ready on the book question; not so ready in assertion as he is in denial. Oh, his father had no idea of what Mr. Brown was about to offer, not the least; and Mr. Brown had not the slightest suggestion of an idea that his father was the possessor of the volume.

"The surprise must have been very great when the fact became known to each," suggested the writer.

"Very great, indeed, I assure you," readily agreed the youth.

On another visit Mr. Brown was busily at work reading a huge pile of page proofs, apparently of some forthcoming work. This was very proper work for a literary gentleman as he had described himself to be, but the title which appeared at the head lines, "Private Life of a King," suggested another in this chapter of coincidences—that a man who had offered \$1,000 for the suppression of a work should be hard at work preparing to give out a sort of chromo dupli-

cate of it. Still Mr. Brown asserts that the matter is all square, that it is easily explained, "but then, you know, this is a time for silence." How long it is since Mr. Brown entered upon his duties as proof-reader for the book now about to be issued cannot be determined.

Mr. Banvard in a card to the papers gives a story of his coming into possession of the work in 1849 from a party of English Chartists, who appointed him a sort of special agent in America to put the book in print at the next Chartist rising, and use that paper shot to hammer down English royalty. No uprising followed, and now Mr. Banvard says, "By the advice of several literary friends I shall bring it out immediately." Mr. Brown is a literary man and a friend; hence another coincidence, explained by more silence. So B. goes down on one side of the stage, with the volume safely en route to oblivion, while simultaneously springs up from the opposite trap t'other B., with "Here you are, new American edition of the suppressed memoirs; see proclamation for further particulars." When "the time to keep silence" has passed Mr. Brown may rise to explain.]

A NOTEWORTHY LIBRARY.*

BY HENRY P. JOHNSTON.

The appearance of a work on Indian Civilization, from the pen of a Californian gentleman, offers an opportunity for calling attention to a deserving, not to say remarkable, enterprise, which has secured a very valuable library to the Pacific Coast. It is only lately that literary circles here in the older States have become aware of its existence, and it is but just to say that it has received hearty and generous appreciation in every quarter. Apart from the incidents of its collection—themselves sufficiently interesting—the library is entitled to notice principally from the important fact that it is another contribution to that select and highly prized group known as Libraries of American History. The enterprise has been a strictly private one—not an unusual circumstance in itself, but having considerable significance in this connection, as it will remind us that it is to the industry, munificence, and national feeling of a few private individuals that we are mainly indebted for the preservation of our history in a tangible shape. A sorry plight we should find this department of our literature in to-day had its hoarding been left to the State or national legislatures. With one or two exceptions, the former have done nothing in this direction. The Library of Congress, which is now more complete than any other in *Americana*, would be deficient to a mortifying degree did it not contain the fifty or sixty thousand books and pamphlets which Mr. Peter Force, of Washington, spent a life-time in gathering. Even the historical societies proper have not come by their noble collections through their corporate efforts alone, as their records in most cases will show. Neither the accumulations of the Philadelphia, Massachusetts, and New York Historical

[* Reprinted from the *Christian Union*. The writer is a member of the editorial staff of that journal.—Ed.]

Societies, nor of the Harvard Library, nor of the Worcester Antiquarian Society, would be as extensive and rich as they are, were they diminished by the material given them to start with, or by the smaller individual libraries, or parts of libraries, which they have absorbed from time to time. Indeed, it rather challenges our surprise and admiration to find that of the twenty or more libraries devoted to American history, all of them having a distinct value of their own, full one half belong to gentlemen in private life. The names of some of them are familiar. Mr. James Lenox of New York, is one, and when he installs his collection in the chaste and ample building now nearly ready for it, and which by his liberality will be a public institution, it will doubtless astonish us with the wealth of its contents. Besides its Shakespeariana and a set of Bibles supposed to be unmatched for rarity and variety, its American department is stated, by those who know something of it, to be wonderfully choice and unsuspectedly complete on certain subjects, its owner having spared no expense to secure what volumes or documents he has sought. Mr. George Bancroft has not been writing our history for forty years without coming into possession of a fine working library on the subject, accumulated with care at favorable opportunities. The collections of Mr. Wm. Menzies, Wm. Curtis Noyes, Esq., Mr. A. W. Griswold, and S. L. M. Barlow, Esq., also residents of New York City, take a high rank, as they are nearly all the product of many years' growth. Mr. J. C. Brown, of Providence, Mr. Charles Deane, of Cambridge, and E. G. Asay, Esq., of Chicago, are to be included in the list; while Brooklyn gives us the names of Hon. H. C. Murphy, Mr. J. C. Brevoort, and Mr. T. W. Field, whose libraries are not far inferior to that of the Long Island Historical Society in the same city, if one of them is not even superior to it. There are other individuals, quite a number, doubtless, to be mentioned, who, without collecting libraries for themselves, have made special personal efforts towards saving historical material; such men, for instance, as Mr. L. C. Draper, who has done much to make the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison what it is—the only one in the Northwest that merits its name; and still others have been of service in various ways, as, for instance, Mr. Joseph Sabin, of New York, who has assumed and half completed the enormous task of cataloguing and locating every book, pamphlet, and manuscript relating to American history that exists, or is known to ever have existed. The aggregate value of these several private libraries can hardly be estimated; and it is certain that we cannot overestimate the services of the men who have rescued so much historical lore that otherwise might have been scattered, or destroyed, or permanently fixed in foreign museums and archives.

The new library referred to takes a place in this circle of private collections, and is to be welcomed to it as a most important addition. Describing it in a word, it is a library containing the history of the western slope of this continent. Its contents appear to have been gathered quietly, patiently, and diligently from every source, until now we are assured that there is not another equal to it in its specialty, and that it could not be duplicated if lost. The gentleman to whom the credit of organizing it be-

longs is Mr. Hubert Bancroft, the publisher, of San Francisco. Fifteen years ago and more, while he was yet struggling to establish himself firmly in the book business in that city, he encouraged an inclination to preserve what scanty material relating to California matters came into his hands, and finally developed the idea and plans which are now realized in his historical collection. The result to-day is a library of over sixteen thousand volumes, pamphlets and documents, in English, Spanish, French, German and Russian, touching discovery, life and civilization on the Pacific coast west of the Rocky Mountains, and from Behring Straits to the Isthmus of Darien. To collect all this material could have been no small undertaking. It would seem that Mr. Bancroft set himself in earnest on his project in the midst of his business, and very probably he worked for success in the latter to insure the success of the former. Having started, in the course of a few years, a respectable foundation for his enterprise out of home matter, he commenced to build it up by purchasing material wherever it was to be found, visiting this coast and Europe several times for the purpose, and leaving his orders with collectors in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and at other points. Every work relating to the Pacific coast that could be had elsewhere seems to have had its face set westward to the new depository in San Francisco. It was not long also before some minor individual collections gravitated toward Mr. Bancroft's larger one. Down the coast at San Diego, a judge, Mr. Benjamin Hayes, had for twenty-five years been storing away all sorts of documents in the historical line, and these, with true public spirit, he has turned over to Mr. Bancroft. In Los Angeles, Don Juan Bandini, a Mexican, with literary tastes, had during his lifetime preserved bundles of original letters, sketches and notes, including what a local paper describes as "an original, inedited manuscript history of California, from the earliest known Spanish settlement up to 1845," all of which his widow, Senora Bandini, has generously presented to the San Francisco library. Still another, and not the least addition to it, is the private collection of Gen. M. J. Vallejo, "of pure Castilian blood," who was born in Monterey about sixty years ago, and who has been largely associated with the public life of California both before and since its annexation to the United States. Not content with turning the whole mass of his local historical acquisitions over to Mr. Bancroft, the enthusiastic and patriotic general has been at work among his friends, the native Californians, and unearthed still further valuable matter. Gen. Vallejo is also now rendering the very important service of dictating from memory a full and circumstantial history of California for preservation in the new library. Among others who are giving material encouragement to Mr. Bancroft should be mentioned the President of the Republic of Salvador, who has shown his appreciation of this gentleman's labors by consenting to forward official documents to him relating to that Republic; also the President of Nicaragua, who grants a similar favor. The services, too, of Mr. Bliss, late Secretary of the American Legation in Mexico, have been of value in selecting books for the collection. Of the several re-enforcements, however, which the library has received, perhaps the most notable is a remnant of what was

to have been the Imperial Library of the ill-fated Maximilian. In the midst of his brief success as the restorer of the Mexican Empire, he commissioned Don Juan Andrade, a publisher and collector of forty years' standing in the City of Mexico, to organize a grand national library for the capital, which Andrade duly organized, and which he also duly shipped out of the country upon Maximilian's misfortune. His fine collection was subsequently sold in Berlin, where Mr. Bancroft secured three thousand volumes on Mexican history for his own shelves.

It is unnecessary to go into further details in regard to this new historical collection—a mere glance at which was only intended at the outset—to indicate its value or estimate the quantum of praise that is due to the individual whose name is associated with it. Respecting Mr. Bancroft personally, it may be stated that he is a native of Ohio, and comparatively a young man. Going to California in 1855, to establish a book business, he finally settled in San Francisco, after encountering fortune and misfortune at other points. To enable him to carry out his library enterprise discriminately, he studied the modern languages, and has of late years worked industriously, with assistants, in arranging and indexing his extensive mass of works, manuscripts, newspapers, maps, &c. He now appears in the light of a historical writer, and the results and merit of his work in this direction will be, without doubt, extensively noticed and criticised. Merely as an intelligent and indefatigable organizer of a noble historical library, however, he has done almost enough; certainly he has done a great service.

Whoever hereafter would inform himself from original sources upon the history of the Pacific coast—its earliest explorers, the Spaniards, who moved up from Mexico after the Conquest; its innumerable Indian tribes, and their phases of civilization from the Aztecs to the wretched "digger;" its first missions; its permanent white settlements; its material progress and its general development—must necessarily go to Mr. Bancroft's library. It is a collection the Pacific States could least afford to be without, and which they are most fortunate in having secured for them so soon and in such a complete state.

[Mr. Johnston has been good enough to forward us the accompanying in extension of his admirable article.—Ed.]

Since the above notice of Mr. Hubert Bancroft's library appeared, the Appletons have published the first volume of his proposed series of works devoted to the native races of the Pacific States. Without at present enlarging upon its merits, it may be said that it has been received by our best critics with much enthusiasm, as an entirely new and permanent contribution to this department of our history. Mr. Francis Parkman, in an article in the last *North American Review*, commends the work in flattering terms, and Mr. Clarence King writes it down in the January *Atlantic* as a noble production. The volume published contains an exhaustive account of the wild tribes of the Pacific slope, and is to be followed before long with others which promise to be still more valuable to the historical student.]

AMERICAN GENEALOGY.*

BY CHARLES SOTHERAN,

Author of "Genealogical Memoranda relating to the Family of Sotheran and to the Septs of Mac Manus," Editor of "The Manchester Diocesan Church Calendar," 1873 and 1874, 2 vols., etc.

The study of genealogy has never been so popular in the United States as at the present period, despite the petty animus displayed by many who, in their bigotry, seem to forget that in its annals are to be discovered the most certain foundations of biography, history and topography. To be a "Dryasdust" was considered some few years back a sure mark of lunacy, or at least of temporary mental aberration; but with the impetus given by the various historical and genealogical societies, which are doing a great work noiselessly but surely in our midst, a considerable amount of hostility has passed away, and in its lieu a happier feeling exists, which, although antagonistic, finds a vent in such stale witticisms as—

"When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

or, perhaps, in Tennysonian rhyme:

"A simple maiden in her prime
Is worth a hundred coats of arms,
And all the blood of Vere de Vere."

Indubitably, modest worth, rectitude of conduct, and consideration for those around, are of more importance than a descent from Pocahontas, Cromwell, or a Mayflower pilgrim; and the man or woman who, in the pride of pedigree, forgets those of the same clay who may perchance have none, or be of "lower degree" by reason of poverty, must be a "sorry knave indeed," unworthy of ancestors and the glories of fathers. An ancient descent is not to be despised, however, for have we not the authority of Scripture that "all Israel were reckoned by genealogies"?

When the future history of this great republic be written, though "Heaven forefend!" not exactly *à la* Bancroft again, we are certain that no better estimate of the social economy, developments and habits of the people will be learnt than in the pages of those enthusiastic explorers in the out of the way and rarely trodden

[* Prepared for the AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST, and read by desire before the members of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, Wednesday, January 13, 1875.]

paths of family history, and in the labors of the bands of workers who, like that sturdy republican and bibliopolist, Franklin, "ever had a pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of his ancestors." Writing once on this feature of genealogy, G. L. Craik truly observed:

"It is rather strange that family history should have been so much neglected as it has been by literature. While it stands between history commonly so called, or national history, and the history of individuals, or biography, it is as distinct from both as these are from one another; and, with something of the peculiar character of each, it has no want of attractions of its own. It supplies many illustrations both of the political, biographical, and the literary history of past ages. But, in particular, it would seem to be mostly in family history that we are to find the history of society, which indeed means, in the main, the history of domestic life."

Nor, indeed, is the historian alone under obligations to the genealogist. How many a plot of novelist or playwright has been borrowed therefrom? The geographer and social economist would make but sorry tomes without the records of the past brought together by the zealous care and perseverance of the "Knickerbocker" or "Old Mortality." In fact if he come to analyse the main-springs of all literature, art and science, the anti-genealogist will soon have to acknowledge the error he has made in branding conscientious and impartial antiquaries as disseminators of "mere tomfoolery."

We have dabbled ourselves not a little in family history, and can positively affirm that our researches have ever been conducive to the most pleasurable feelings. What light we had shed on our early metaphysical studies by biblical genealogy! What forgotten passages of chivalry and nobleness we found in Plantagenet times! What unrecognized pathos and heroism in the sufferings of unremembered martyrs under the religious burnings and disembowelings of each and every Tudor, whether Protestant, Papist, or Socinian—all alike persecuting their fellow-man in the name of a God of Peace! What devotedness and high-mindedness in the Stuart and Cromwellian epoch exhibited by both Roundhead and Cavalier! True, the mirror is sometimes blurred by the shadow of wickedness and treachery, yet all comes well in the end. We have in imagination watched the patriots and religious exiles

landed on these foreign shores, and rear homes after old country models, reminding the new comers of those lost to them for aye and ever by Stuart tyranny. The cycles revolve—Guelph selfishness and greed meet American patriotism and valor! It is not difficult to foretell the result, and a great nation arises to which from all sides come, like locusts, troops of emigrants, fleeing from poverty, conscription, monarchical despotism and other ills; and over all rises the Goddess of Liberty waving a flag, the heraldic coat borne by the Washingtons in their old Northamptonshire home—the Stars and Stripes!

To resume:—Let us consider the relative positions of Europeans and Americans on the question, the former representing the hereditary sentiment and conservatism, the latter social equality and democracy; the antithesis, one diametrically opposed to the other. We thoroughly understand the aspect of the European tenaciously clinging to his ancient landmarks, but of the American our wonder is very great. Naturally the first inquiry that arises shapes itself into—How comes it that the people of this Republic, the arch exponent of every doctrine subversive of the hereditary and so of the ancestral principle, are at this moment pre-eminent in the eyes of Europeans for the labor and expense bestowed on their genealogies? The question appears most difficult of solution, and the only answer we can make seems to be that: History repeats itself! Although the democratic and Puritan elements have ever been to the fore, yet so traditionally blended with the innate ancestral and aristocratic that the latter have never been extinguished, but ever smouldering, and have now burst into flame with a subdued effulgence, happily not mingled with the old leaven of either tyrannic feudalism or bigoted Puritanism, which have departed for ever. If this actually be the case, what reasonable objection can there be then, that in the words of an eminent American genealogist, we should:

"Let it be avowed, that Americans believe that they have an ancestry worthy of their pride, and that as each man is entitled to his own share of ancestral fame, it is a laudable undertaking in any one to collect the evidences and relate the exploits of his progenitors, protected by the public voice from the imputation of unworthy and contemptible motives."

If any of our readers take up, for instance, "The New York Genealogical and Biographical Record," "The New England Historical and Genealogical Register," "Potter's American Monthly," "The Historical Magazine," or any of the organs of the various societies devoted to the study of local topography and family history, the perusal cannot fail to be highly satisfactory. The traditions handed down; the reminiscences of great men rescued from oblivion; the forgotten episodes of history perpetuated, and, in fact, the entire information given, is of such a character that the man not interested must be a dullard, verily.

These periodicals are all carefully edited and admirable specimens of typography; but what is of more vital importance, each has a large circulation, incontestably proving the popularity of the much abused science. It may perchance be for the reason, however, that American genealogists content themselves generally by commencing their pedigrees in the 17th century, and are not as ambitious as that Welsh baronet in the *middle* of whose antediluvian family tree was a note to the effect—"About this time Noah entered the ark." *Apr*opos of pedigrees of this description, a very great friend in the old country, Thomas Helsby, Esq., who has been for years engaged on a "History of Frodsham," in Cheshire, England, and has lately undertaken a new edition of Ormerod's celebrated "History of the county palatine of Chester," once commenced a genealogy of the Rutter family with Thor, the God of the Wind! promiscuously brought on the scene Antenor, King of the Cimmerians, living before Christ 439, and our old school-days' acquaintances, King Priam and fair but frail Queen Helen of Troy, and took his unfortunate readers, *O! Misericordia!* through a kind of "Slough of Despond," the Sagas to the 19th century. He, however, apologized to them for his temerity as follows:

"It is true that to climb the highest and slimmest twigs of the 'family tree' is an adventure so perilous, that, unless assured of an easy ascent and an equally easy descent, few care about it, however attractive a landscape it may afford. But as it is nevertheless an exercise that imparts additional vigor to the anti-quarian mind, taking it to 'fresh fields and pastures

new,' and as the material is pretty ready at our hand, we purpose carrying the reader two thousand years nearer the time 'when Adam was a gentleman and there *was* no working man.' It is like most other genealogies—a long poem, when studied in the right spirit. And humiliating to our high state of civilization as it is to have to confess, as great numbers have, to a descent from a race of barbarian Norsemen, it is better, after all, than to acknowledge it from a race of Asiatic monkeys.* If modern writers and their learned supporters can so transgress, we humbly hope that this pedigree, with so much more reason to support it, will be accepted as an earnest protest against any such modern doctrine."

The town and county histories—the result of private enterprise and investigation—give, as Durrie's admirable index of pedigrees shows, their quota of original and laboriously discovered particulars to American genealogy, and are, next to the historical collections, the most important sources of information available to the student. Among the most noticeable should be mentioned: Benton's "Herkimer County," Bond's "Family Memorials of Watertown, Mass.," Farmer's "First Settlers of New England," Hall's "History of Vermont," Hinman's "Puritan Settlers of Connecticut," Holden's "History of Queensbury," Holgate's "American Genealogy," Hough's "Lewis County," Johnston's "History of Bristol and Bremen," Jones' "Oneida County," "Letters and Papers Relating to Pennsylvania," Littell's "Family Record of the Passaic Valley," Bishop Meade's "Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia," Mitchell's "Early Settlers of Bridgewater," Morse's "Genealogical Register of Massachusetts Early Planters," Munsell's "Annals of Albany" and "Albany Historical Records," Porter's "Historical Notices of Connecticut," Stone's "History of Wyoming," Ward's "Family Register of Shrewsbury," and Watson's "Essex County." These valuable histories, and many others which we have not the space to mention here, have cost a large amount of pains, and have necessitated a vast outlay of time and money in their construction, which can never be repaid. But this

* We trust that when Mr. Parton and the members of the Liberal Club *finally* make up their minds on the question of "Who are the vulgar?" they will take into consideration this important suggestion, and it may probably be the means of their worthy President not "running a muck" again among Genealogists and their supporters. C. S.

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is a question of no moment to their authors, for with them it is a labor of love.

American family history is not alone represented by local histories, transactions and periodical literature. The number of volumes devoted to the history of particular families is very considerable, one printer in especial, Joel Munsell,* of Albany, an antiquary of no mean order, being almost entirely occupied in their publication and production. Some of these are masterpieces of historical erudition, and all the work of cultivated minds. If reference be made to the valuable "Catalogue of Family Histories and Publications," by William H. Whitmore, one is very much struck with the large quantity of these pedigrees which have been issued, from the earliest, the genealogy of "Stebbins," printed in 1771, to that of "Townes," in 1868, when the author concluded his labors. The interesting feature appears to be that most of these volumes are generally in illustration of celebrated men of this country, or of other nations, whose descendants are settled here. To the pedigree of Washington no less than four works have been devoted. We also find exhaustive genealogies of the families of William Penn, President Lincoln, Eliot, the apostle to the Indians; Peabody, the philanthropist; the Mayflower Pilgrims, Farmer, the antiquary; Webster and Worcester, the lexicographers; Lord Fairfax, the Cromwellian General; Sir Francis Drake's

American descendants, the Mathers, Morse, the inventor; Munsell, the historian; Governor Leverett, President Dwight, of Yale; Redfield, the scientist; Chauncey, the local historian; Wetmore, the poet; Governor Huntington, Rogers, the compiler of the first authorized Bible; Governor Dudley, the Danas of literary fame; General Brattle, Governor Winthrop, and numerous others. As we have stated, Mr. Whitmore finished his work in 1868; since then a great quantity of genealogical compilations have been published. For the information of our readers we give the bibliography of some of the principal:

Benedict.—The Genealogy of the Benedicts in America; Descendants of Thomas Benedict, who immigrated 1638, settled at Southhold, Long Island, and removed to Norwalk, Ct. By H. M. Benedict. 28 portraits. 8vo, pp. 450. Albany.

Colden.—Genealogical Notes of the Colden Family in America. By Edwin R. Purple, 4to, 24 pp. Privately printed edition of 50 copies. New York, 1873.

Corwin.—The Corwin Genealogy (Curwin, Curwen, Corwine) in the United States. By Edward Tanjore Corwin, Millstone, N. J. 8vo, pp. xxxiv, 284. New York: S. W. Green, 1872.

Dawson.—A Record of the Descendants of Robert Dawson, of East Haven, Conn., and of Numerous other Families, with many Biographical and Genealogical Notes Concerning the Same. By Charles C. Dawson. Portraits. 8vo, cloth, pp. 115. Limited edition of 40 copies only. Albany, 1874.

Dwight.—The History of the Descendants of John Dwight, of Dedham, Mass. By Benjamin W. Dwight. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 1144. Printed for the author. New York, 1874.

Fairfax.—The Fairfaxes of England and America in the 17th and 18th Centuries, including Letters from and to Hon. William Fairfax, President of Council of Virginia; and his sons, Col. George William Fairfax and Rev. Bryan, Eighth Lord Fairfax, the neighbors and friends of George Washington. By E. D. Neill. [2 fold. pedigrees.] 8vo, pp. 234. Albany.

Gilman.—The Gilman Family, traced in the Line of Hon. John Gilman, of Exeter, N. H., with an account of many other Gilmans, in England and America. By Arthur Gilman. [Portraits and plates.] Square 8vo, pp. xiv, 324. Albany.

Hoyt.—A Genealogical History of the Hoyt, Haight, and Hight Families; with some Account of the Earlier Hyatt Families, a List of the First Settlers of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass., &c. By David W. Hoyt, Providence. 8vo, pp. 686. Printed for the author by the Providence Press Co., Boston, 1871.

Hurry.—Memorial of the Family of Hurry, of

*["Joel Munsell, printer and editor, born at Northfield, Mass., April 14, 1808. Established himself in Albany, 1827; published and edited 'The New York State Mechanic,' 1841-3; compiled 'Annals of Albany,' 10 vols., 12mo, Albany, 1850-9; 'Chronology of Paper and Paper Making,' 3d edition, 8vo, 1864; 'Every-day Book of History and Chronology,' 8vo, 1858; 'Collections on the History of Albany,' 3 vols, 8vo, 1865-70; 'Outline of the History of Printing, and Sketches of Early Printers,' 8vo, 1839. He has also published 'Historical Series,' 10 vols., partly edited and annotated by himself, and other historical works; and has published also the *Unionist*, *Albany Daily State Register*, *Albany Morning Express*, and *Statesman*. His large collection of works on printing was in part purchased by the State for its library. Mr. Munsell has also contributed papers to 'The Transactions' of the Albany Institute. Few, if any, of our historical societies have done so much as he in publishing American documentary history; and much of it has been done without remuneration."—*Vide* page 647 of "Dictionary of American Biography," by Francis S. Drake. 8vo. Boston, 1874.]

Great Yarmouth, Co. Norfolk, England, and of New York, U. S. A. The English Branch by C. J. Palmer, F. S. A.; the American by Edmund Abdy Hurry, of N. Y. Quarto. Views, portraits, coats of arms, &c. London, 1873.

Janes.—The Janes Family. A Genealogy and brief History of the Descendants of William Janes, the emigrant ancestor of 1637, with an extended notice of Bishop Edmund S. Janes, D. D., and other Biographical Sketches. By the Rev. Frederic Janes. 8vo, pp. 419. New York, 1868.

Leavenworth.—A Genealogy of the Leavenworth Family in the United States, with Historical Introduction, etc., By Elias Warner Leavenworth, L.L.D., of Syracuse, N. Y. Being a revision and extension of the genealogical tree compiled by William and Elias W. Leavenworth, then of Great Barrington, Mass., in 1827. 8vo, pp. 376. Syracuse, N. Y., 1873.

Loomis.—The Descendants of Joseph Loomis, who came from Braintree, England, in the year 1638, and settled in Windsor, Connecticut, in 1639. By Elias Loomis, L. L. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College. 8vo, pp. 292. New Haven, 1870.

Lyman.—Genealogy of the Lyman Family, in Great Britain and America; the ancestors and descendants of Richard Lyman, from High Ongar, in England, 1631. By Lyman Coleman, D. D., Professor in Lafayette College, in Easton, Pa. Portraits and plates. 8vo, pp. 583. Albany, N. Y.: J. Munsell, 1872.

Macy.—Genealogy of the Macy Family from 1635–1868. Compiled by Silvanus J. Macy, New York. Numerous portraits, plates and fac-simile autographs. 4to, pp. 457. Albany: Joel Munsell, 1868.

Prescott.—The Prescott Memorial or a Genealogical Memoir of the Prescott Families in America. In two Parts. By William Prescott, M. D. 8vo, pp. 653. Boston, 1870.

Strong.—The History of the Descendants of Elder John Strong, of Northampton, Mass. By Benjamin W. Dwight. 19 portraits. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 1586. Albany, N. Y.: Joel Munsell, 1871.

We have purposely omitted the last issued and by far the best it has been our good fortune to come across as to compilation, matter and illustration—Mr. C. C. Dawson's recently published "Collection of Family Records,"* a stout octavo of nearly six hundred pages. Mr. Dawson is a genealogist of the highest order, and was

* A Collection of Family Records, With Biographical Sketches and other Memoranda of Various Families and Individuals bearing the name Dawson; or, allied to Families of that Name. Compiled by Charles C. Dawson. 13 Portraits. 8vo, cloth, pp. viii., 572. Albany, 1874. (J. Sabin & Sons, New York. Price, \$6.00.)

admirably fitted for his task, which, as now turned out of the crucible, is a model for all future family historians. The special features of the work are his system of numbering the various individuals named, on a new plan, far preferable to former methods, and the biographical sketches of illustrious Dawsons, who present a very solid phalanx of intellect, and appear to have had in common an apparently innate *penchant* for literature. Another curious fact is the large proportion who have been bibliopologists, beginning with Thomas Dawson, an early publisher in 1613, "dwelling near y^e Three Crane Trees in y^e Vine tree," London, and among whom we notice Mr. Dawson himself, who commenced life as a clerk in a book-store at Syracuse, when thirteen years old.

The essay on the derivation of the surname is remarkably well put forth, and the author appears, with Lower, to have arrived at the same conclusion regarding its origin as the latest authority, Rev. C. W. Bardsley, M. A., who quotes the following lines, unfortunately overlooked by Mr. Dawson, from the writings of Heywood, the sixteenth century poet:

"To a justice a juggler did complaine
Of one that dispraised his legerdmane
What's thy name? said the justice; Dauson, sayd
he;
Is thy father alive? Nay, dead, sir, pardee.
Then thou shall no more be Dau's son, a clere
case;
Thou art Dau thyself now, in thy father's place."

Full attention seems to have been given to all the numerous American families of the name, and who appear to have been pretty well scattered throughout the United States and Canada. Descents in the female lines are diligently traced out. There are also no less than *sixteen hundred* surnames mentioned other than Dawson. The steel engravings are of a highly finished character, and the production of H. B. Hall & Sons. When we say the work is from the Munsell Press, no expatiation is needed on the score of typography.

We will leave the author to speak for himself and explain the reasons which induced him to give to the world his compilation; our principal idea in reproducing this is that it shows how many other

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genealogians commenced their undertakings—Mr. Dawson states in his preface:

"This book had its origin in the desire of the compiler to know something of his own family history. The purpose of compiling it was formed in boyhood after his father's death; and the first crude notes which he committed to paper, containing the facts which had been treasured up in his mother's very retentive memory, are yet preserved. The occasion of meeting with any aged relative was always improved to add something to the information already secured, and the swelling bulk of the carefully kept 'notes,' when further interlineations and additions seemed inadmissible, made repeatedly necessary the task of transcribing and rearranging them, each time in a new and larger volume. The series of books which have been thus laboriously filled finds an end in the volume which is now presented.

"The family name, common and widely disseminated as it is known now, was, in the early days of this enterprise, rarely met with and scarcely known outside of a few nearly related families. It was natural to suppose that all of the name, at least in this country, must be descended from a common ancestor, discoverable by genealogical researches. How far this early belief was from the truth, this collection of records will bear but partial evidence.

"Records, more or less nearly complete, of a large number of families, the descendants of different American ancestors, not known to be otherwise connected than by identity of family name, are here presented. These are generally classified according to the States in which the ancestors first settled or chiefly resided. Of some families, believed to be quite considerable in point of numbers, records are almost entirely wanting. Greater fullness and accuracy would gladly have been secured, but it was impossible to publish information which those who were applied to for it, failed, for various reasons, to furnish."

But "one thing wanting" remains to add completeness to Mr. Dawson's labors, and this we hope he will, at some future period, offer to lovers of the science, and by so doing, gladden the hearts of sympathizers on both sides of the Atlantic—a full account of the British and Irish Dawsons. The author would in this find a fine field of congenial occupation to devote himself, and one but little worked on; if we remember rightly, the families of Dawson settled in Lancashire and Yorkshire, formerly held a very important position in the history of those counties, and it was on the pathetic circumstances attending the execution for high treason of Captain Dawson of Lancashire, a noteworthy adherent of King James the Third, the so-called "Pretender," that Shennstone composed one of his most charming ballads. For the task, we have proposed a rich fund of *matériel* lies ready at his disposal in the collections of

the late Count Dawson-Duffield of Sephton, Co. Lancaster, the Public Records, Heraldic Visitations, Parish Registers, County Histories, etc.

Before leaving Mr. Dawson we would throw out as a suggestion to the powers that be, that in the event of a chair of genealogy being founded at either Yale, Cornell, or Harvard, he ought by special Act of Legislature, to hold the professorship; or better still, what is sadly needed, a College of Arms for the United States, he should, *par excellence*, be the first "New York President at Arms," if only to stop such men as "Boss" Tweed, for instance, assuming, as he had the impertinence to, during his short-lived iniquity, the armorial bearings of the Marquis of Tweedale; or, "Tell it not in Gath!" Jay Gould disporting the ancient cognizance of Jason, to wit, "A Golden Fleece, proper." *Pal-mam qui meruit ferat.*

In conclusion, as in the earlier portion of this humble undertaking, let us remind those of unblemished descent and ancient lineage to remember the duties of their station, not forgetting the lines of Goldsmith:

"Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;

A breath can make them as a breath had made."

Further, that all honors are but transitory, and we slaves of destiny must succumb to that fate pointed out by the poet Gray in immortal verse:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA*

THE AMERICAN *versus* THE ORIGINAL EDITION—MESSRS LIPPINCOTT & CO.'S RESPONSE TO MESSRS. CHAMBERS' EDITORIAL STATEMENT.

We lay before our readers the answer of Messrs. Lippincott to the charges urged by Messrs. Chambers in regard to the "Encyclopædia" misunderstanding:

"To the Editor of 'The American Bibliopolist':

"In view of the recent appearance of an 'Editorial Statement' from the Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, relative to our issue of Chambers' 'Encyclopædia,' we beg leave to invite attention to the following ex-

* *Vide* AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST, Vol. v, p. 161.

position of the circumstances under which we engaged in the enterprise therein alluded to, feeling confident that if the public be placed in possession of the *whole* truth touching the matter, a more accurate judgment will be arrived at than will be possible from a perusal of the Messrs. Chambers' 'Statement' merely.

"The facts are these: When, some fifteen years ago, the Messrs. Chambers commenced the publication of their 'Encyclopædia,' we arranged with them: to import the work for the American market; but at the same time Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, commenced to reprint it, and in the then existing condition of commerce were able to compete successfully with our importation. Feeling ourselves aggrieved by the action of Messrs. Appleton & Co. in thus interfering with our arrangement, we proposed to the Messrs. Chambers to furnish us with a duplicate set of the stereotype plates of the work, we agreeing to relieve them of all the expenses and risks attendant upon the experiment, and also agreeing that they should share in the profits of the American edition should the result prove pecuniarily successful. Of course, the Messrs. Chambers had no interest in Appleton's reprint, and as there was a possibility that by this arrangement with us some profit might accrue to them—with no risk whatever on their part, since we promptly refunded to them their outlay in making the plates—our offer was accepted, and we carried the enterprise through at our own risk and at an expense of many thousands of dollars, even purchasing the interest of the Messrs. Appleton in the reprint which they had undertaken, and prevailing upon them to retire from the field.

"In engaging in this transaction there were no stipulations, so far as we are aware, either expressed or implied, that we were to be subject to the dictation of the Messrs. Chambers in the management of our edition, nor were we prohibited from making such emendations therein as might be needful to adapt it to the use of American readers.

"The work as originally written was of course designed for the *British* public, and it is not strange that in relation to American matters it at times contained language and sentiments at variance with our prevailing ideas, both of men and measures; and in cases where the retention of such sentiments was not material to the accuracy of the work, they were, to some extent, changed before the first appearance of our edition, and more carefully eliminated in our subsequent thorough revision. For instance, we did not think it judicious to retain in our edition the statements of the editors of the *British* edition, that John Adams 'entertained a decided favor for a hereditary aristocracy,' or that John Quincy Adams 'endeavored to make himself popular [with the Democrats] by betraying the schemes of his former political associates' (!); or in the notice of Prof. Agassiz a statement, touching one of his works, which he pronounced 'nonsense'—statements all of which the Messrs. Chambers retain in their so-called 'Revised Edition.' Nor did we think it advisable to perpetuate the exploded theory touching the so-called 'Bird Tracks' in the sandstone of the Connecticut Valley, nor to ignore the fact that something is being done in the United States in the way of 'Agricultural Education,' and of 'Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.' Neither did

we care to say that Mr. James Buchanan's administration '*was, on the whole, popular*,' nor to place 'Florida' upon record as the '*most southerly of the Confederate States of America*.' These are a few of perhaps a thousand instances of more or less importance in which changes in articles were deemed advisable, in order to adapt the work to the needs and tastes of American purchasers; and we claim that the large amount of money that we had invested in the enterprise justified us in making the changes for this purpose.

"The pretence that in making these changes injustice has been done to the Messrs. Chambers in their capacity as authors or editors seems to us simply absurd, since we have caused it to be known far and wide through the tens of thousands of circulars that we are constantly issuing, that our edition has undergone careful revision at the hands of our editors—the names of the editors and contributors being given, with the authorities principally made use of; and furthermore, in the 'Concluding Notice' to the work published in the tenth volume, special pains is taken to give prominence to this fact. We believe that the true province of an 'Encyclopædia' is not to advocate the theories of any man, or class of men, but principally to embody in convenient form statements of facts, and we do not understand how it can reasonably be demanded that such statements be suppressed merely because they happen to be 'repudiated by and hateful to the original proprietors of the work.' Whether, in the five cases which the Messrs. Chambers cite in their 'Editorial Statement,' their editors or ours come the nearest to fulfilling their duties of *Encyclopædists*, may depend, in the opinion of the reader, upon whether, in his judgment, 'Free Trade' '*now expresses the most important and fundamental truth in political economy*,' as is stated in the *British* edition; or is '*a dogma of modern growth*;' and whether, as is stated by our editors under the article 'Victoria I.,' there does or does not exist '*an unmistakable distrust by a portion of the [British] nation of the fitness of the heir-apparent for the throne*.' This last is what the Messrs. Chambers characterize as a 'slandorous imputation' which they 'are ashamed to copy;' and we have no hesitation in acknowledging that in both these instances the zeal of our editors may have carried them farther, in the discussion of the topics, than was necessary or perhaps prudent. The question, however, is as to the *facts*, and the rights which we had acquired to make changes in accordance with the facts.

"Again, in the article on 'Slavery,' it is claimed by the Messrs. Chambers that in the American edition '*a historical fact of some moment is suppressed*,' but they omit to mention that in place of the '*historical fact*,' (if their citation may be so called) which is suppressed, several other historical and statistical facts have been substituted. We invite a comparison of the two articles, and beg leave to suggest whether the Messrs. Chambers' objections to the American article do not grow out of the fact that it places the responsibility of the *primary existence* of American slavery upon the *British* government.

"Finally, as the best possible explanation of the whole matter, we have to say, that through a recent purchase by us from the *British* publishers, their interest in our edition of the work has ceased, and

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they, by various means, seem to be making strenuous efforts to create a sentiment here adverse to this edition, and in favor of their own, for which latter they apparently hope to find an extensive market in the United States, and this impression is strengthened by the somewhat ostentatious announcement of Messrs. Chambers 'that the only authentic edition of their Encyclopædia is the one published by themselves.' It would appear also that their efforts are being seconded by certain other parties, who look for some pecuniary advantage through the importation of the British edition into this market.

"We think we are not mistaken in believing that had it not come to be for the pecuniary interest of the Messrs. Chambers to cause their edition of the work to circulate in the United States in preference to ours, the present discussion would never have arisen. But be that as it may, we shall hereafter designate our issue as 'The American Revised Edition,' and thus relieve the Messrs. Chambers of all cause of sensitiveness touching the changes which our editors have hitherto made or may make in it hereafter.

"J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

"Philadelphia, January, 1875."

THE HOWARD COLLECTION OF REMBRANDT ETCHINGS.

BY WILLIAM W. SABIN.

However much we may have astonished the uninitiated at various times by our notices of the enormous prices paid for rare books, we have now to tell them something startling as to the prodigious number of dollars a genuine collector will part with for a single print. Within the last few years, this desire to possess rare and fine prints has become an absorbing passion, and it is our purpose to illustrate its workings in the sale by auction of the Rembrandt Etchings, forming the second part of what is known as the "Howard Collection." The first part was disbursed about a year and a half ago, and the fortunate purchasers of the gems may congratulate themselves that they did not wait—for truly prints have gone up in the market.

The Hon. Hugh Howard formed his collection at the commencement of the last century, and had many opportunities of securing choice samples of Rembrandt at not extravagant prices.

This collection was sold Nov. 27th and 28th, at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, where so many works of art have had a temporary lodging. It is probable that nothing of so much interest to collectors of Rembrandt Etchings

will come to the hammer for many years to come. By reference to the catalogue, our readers may notice over two hundred examples all described respectively as fine, rare, with margin, and in beautiful condition. Among these will be found the "Hundred Guilder;" first states of "Christ before Pilate," before the plate was cut, and the large "Crucifixion" before the name; the "Three Trees"; portrait of Van der Linden, first state—in point of artistic merit, the most beautiful thing in the collection—and many of his scarce smaller works described by Wilson as *presque unique*.

Such rarities attracted the attention of collectors from all parts of Europe, and on the afternoon of sale, we find French, German, American, and English pitted against each other to carry off the works of this great Fleming, whose masterly hand so "played the spider," that a cobweb of his production, like Dr. Faustus, will bring £25 or more, according to the amount of dew or burr it happens to have. Poor deluded mortals, we would etch them a whole mile of their portraits for less money, with margin for their wives and families.

But this sort of thing is exciting; the auction room is full of eager faces, hundreds of pounds are floating in the air, shillings are fighting half-crowns, pounds are fighting guineas, until the deadly combat deepens into the awful silence of the *nod*; ah, then reader, the fight becomes dreadful, for you must know that every nod at a high-priced print is worth half a guinea.

The first print that brings a price which startles you into the conviction that there it more money in the world than you thought is No. 109, "Christ Healing the Sick," better known as the "Hundred Guilder," which was secured for the Paris market at £106. This appears a high price, but it is a beautiful example they say, and, of course, *rare*. No, this is not dear, but when we look at the little Frenchman who places it under his elbow and bids quietly for the next, we cannot but admire him—he is a warrior.

But let us to the glorious war which raged for the possession of the great print of the collection, No. 112, "Christ Before Pilate," first state, on Japan paper, of the greatest rarity. It is a large, ugly-looking

print, with a number of figures in the foreground, and groups advancing from the middle ground on each side; the centre and upper sides form great flat, open spaces, which look like the side of a painted room.

The first bid is sensational—ten shillings, from our friend, the German, whom we know to be facetious. Upon being laughed at he says, "Well, there, £25 then," this was an advance, and was succeeded by a deep silence—an ominous silence. Presently we hear a bid of £30, and it is called and nodded up to £111 by Delille, Colnaghi and Holloway, when Mr. H., who thought it was going to be knocked down to him at £80, slightly irritated, fires off a big gun, calling out sententiously, £143. This has no effect on the quiet Frenchman, who apathetically calls "four." Colnaghi has left it. Delille bids £160, when Holloway leaps up to £180; but the valiant little Gaul quietly nods his pounds until he hears his opponent call £199. This excites him to utterance, "il faut examiner," he seizes the print, throws his eyes into it for a moment, but looks more at the back than the front, then we hear him call "200 pun" now £200 is a \$1000, and the contest becomes actually frightful, but we are getting callous, and watch the gladiatorial struggle "unto its bitter end." The contrast between the bidders is striking, the Englishman is flushed and loud, but affects an air of indifference with sundry grimaces and remarks; the Gaul is quiet, and after bidding silently up to the enormous amount of £260, and hearing his bid answered, collapses at his catalogue with a shrug and an exclamation, "mort," which you know is the French equivalent for "I have done."

The great ugly print is knocked down to "Holloway, £261," the largest price that has been paid at a print sale since the purchase of Raimondi's Aretino, for £780.

This and the next lot, "The Crucifixion," first state, before the name and date, were the two highest priced prints in the sale. The latter is a much better known subject and not so rare. After a dispute between the same bidders, it produced its high-priced brother, and their owner was the lion of the day.

We must refer you, however, to Colnaghi, "the man with spectacles and a bald head" for the largest number of the

gems of the collection, for, in our humble opinion, the following were among them:

- 65. Portrait of Rembrandt leaning on a stone sill (Wilson 21), second state, £43.
- 100. Christ Disputing with the Doctors in the Temple (69), £17.
- 102. Christ Preaching, (71), first state, £66.
- 123. Return of the Prodigal Son (96), £23.10, and a few of the Portraits.
- 271. Van der Linden (266), first state *presque unique*, £11.
- 273. Janus Silvius (268), brilliant impression with full margin, £31.
- 283. Jan Utenbogardus (281), £18.
- 310. The Great Jewish Bride (337), very fine impression of the fourth state with margin, £30.10.
- 327. The Three Heads of Women (361), very fine. £15.5.

These were some of the portrait and Scriptural subjects. The landscapes were even more generally choice, and a most magnificent collection. We will but mention the "Three Trees," which was bought by a London dealer for £82, was cheap, it having brought £50 more in the same rooms within the last two years. The collection in all was a remarkable one, as the auctioneer was fond of reiterating whenever there was a poor print on the hammer—"remember, the HOWARD collection, gentlemen, unrivalled," &c.—at which some would laugh, and others bid a shilling more. Beauty seemed to be no object in the portraits of ladies, and ugly old women sold for thirty pounds, while a *MORISCO* advertised by the man with the hammer as a sweet, pretty creature, was knocked down at three shillings. Perhaps she was a worn out impression.

These 200 lots of Rembrandt etchings, good, bad and indifferent, realized over £3,000. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," and so will the Rembrandts sooner or later. We would wish, however, that those of our subscribers who purchase prints, should ponder over this narrative, that they may be prepared for the modest profits on that portion consigned for sale to New York.

[The following is the *Athenæum* account of the sale:]

"In the second portion of the choice collection of rare engravings and drawings, formed by the Hon. Hugh Howard, and sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge last week, several Rembrandts sold for very high prices. Portrait of himself, leaning on a stone sill, second state, 43*l.*; Triumph of Morde-

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cai, 21/; The Presentation, 26/; Christ healing the Sick, 106/; Christ in the Garden of the Mount of Olives, 24/; Christ before Pilate, first state, 251/; The Crucifixion, first state, 211/, and third state, 71/; Christ taken down from the Cross, 24/; Return of the Prodigal Son, 23/; St. Jerome sitting before a Tree, 37/; St. Jerome reading, 43/; The Skater, 20/; The Onion Woman, 24/ 10s.; Woman with an Arrow, 20/; Omval, 27/; Amsterdam, 28/; The Sportsman, 30/; Three Trees, 82/; Peasant, with milk pails, 23/; Village near the High Road, fourth state, 26/; Village, with Square Tower, 21/; Canal, 27/; Landscape, with a vista, third state, 28/; Arched Landscape, with sheep, 29/; Landscape, with cottage and hay-barn, 20/; Landscape, with a mill-sail seen above a cottage, 24/; Village, with canal and sailing vessel, 22/; Goldweiger's Field, 36/; Portrait of Janus Silvius, 31/; Dr. Faustus, 25/; Great Jewish Bride, 34/. The entire sale of 406 lots produced 3,030*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*"

As a further rider to Mr. W. W. Sabin's description, we subjoin from the *Athenæum* particulars of the choice made by the British Museum from the Howard collection—Ed.:

"The Trustees of the British Museum have availed themselves of a condition provided in favor of the national collection of prints and drawings, to select from the large number of such works gathered by the late Mr. Hugh Howard. Mr. Reid has chosen no fewer than 2,175 prints and engravings, and 137 drawings, by various painters and engravers; and these works are now in the Print Room. The examples are by a numerous body of masters, and include specimens collected by Sir Peter Lely and the Earl of Arundel. We may indicate briefly some of the more important examples. 1. An unique print by L. da Vinci, representing a dragon attacking a lion. This design was known by a copy made by Zoan Andrea, and is almost identical with a drawing, undoubtedly by Da Vinci, now in the Uffizi. 2. Four works by Marc Antonio: *a*, the famous 'Nativity,' in the rare state, without the Virgin's nimbus; *b*, the 'Casolette,' a composition, in the antique mode, of three female figures, erect with joined hands, supporting a casket on their heads: this is the only known counter-proof from the plate by Raimondi; *c*, a rare impression of the 'Queen of Sheba,' before the corroding of the plate; *d*, a beautiful impression of the 'Apollonia.' 3. A beautiful and rare impression of 'St. Francis receiving the Stigmata,' by Israel van Mecken. 4. Two most exceptionally fine impressions of 'combats of naked men;' compositions in the form of friezes, by B. Beham, the ablest of the 'Little Masters.' 5. An extraordinarily brilliant and clear impression of the portrait of William, Duke of Juliers, by Aldegrever. 6. A mezzotint (by J. Smith?)* of Harris, the player, in the character of Cardinal Wolsey. 7. An extremely interesting woodcut, in three blocks, measuring 29 x 19½ inches, and representing the 'Ark Royal,' the flag-ship of Lord Howard of Effingham in the battles

with the Spanish Armada. She was the largest vessel in Queen Elizabeth's Navy. She carried fifty guns, and was of 800 tons burden; she is fitted with four masts, and carries in the woodcut the Admiral's standard at her gangway, thus continuing that custom which obtained in antique as well as in mediæval times, of showing the armorials of the warriors on board, or shields suspended at her sides; the royal standard flies at her mainmast head; the Tudor Rose is on a flag on the summit of her mizen-mast; St. George's Cross appears at her foremast truck. The woodcut, if it be of English origin, is one of the oldest works of the kind executed in England: it has a general resemblance to those invaluable Venetian engravings of shipping of an earlier date, which are reckoned as amongst the rarest treasures of the Print Room.

"Among the principal drawings of this noble acquisition, Mr. Reid has called our attention to the following: 1. By Holbein, in his admirable and complete mode of execution, made with a fine brush, in India ink, and representing a dagger in its sheath, most elaborately and beautifully enriched with arabesques of foliage, satyrs, male and female figures, &c., of exquisite draughtsmanship and superb design. Several examples of a similar nature to this, and ascribed to Holbein, are known to collectors, and by them supposed to be designs for the use of goldsmiths and armorers. We are, however, persuaded that this is not necessarily the case, and that many, if not most, of these works were made by Holbein as studies for the details of weapons, included in his portraits, and from arms possessed by his sitters, of which implements he made likenesses as faithful as those of the faces he depicted. The large group at Longford Castle, belonging to the Earl of Radnor, and representing the persons styled 'The Two Ambassadors,' contains objects which illustrate our suggestion, such as a dagger, which it is not needful to suppose Holbein designed, although he probably made such a drawing as that now in question, to represent a favorite weapon of his sitter's. To make a drawing of this nature, and under the presumed conditions, was strictly analogous to Holbein's well-known practice with regard to the heads of his employers. 'The Two Ambassadors' was in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition last year. Our readers will remember Mr. Woodward's acute and perfectly satisfactory explanation of the true nature of an object represented in this picture, a skull, which our correspondent proved to be shown in an anamorphosis. 2. The original study, by Van Dyck, for the horse in the famous equestrian portrait of Charles the First, now in the Salon Carré of the Louvre: it is in chalk, on grey paper. 3. The beautifully finished head, in three-quarters view to our left, of a woman wearing a high wired coif, and pinner, executed in sepia, with a brush, lightly shaded and perfectly modelled; a portrait, probably by Lucas Van Leyden, and of the greatest rarity. 4. Rembrandt's study for the etched portrait of Janus Silvius, made in bistre with a reed pen; in an oval frame; freely and roughly treated. 5. The drawing in red chalk, by Watteau, for his portrait of Baron, the engraver, seated at work by a table near a window. 6. A head of an old man in profile to our left, most elaborately produced in sepia with a pen, by Leonardo da

* This print was engraved by Philip Dawe.

Vinci. 7. Twenty-three drawings by J. Romano, in sepia with a brush, of table plate and furniture: portions of a numerous collection of similar works, other specimens of which are in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, and were recently noticed by us while describing His Grace's Italian drawings; other parts of this collection were already in the Print Room. The designs are characteristically ornate; and they are executed with great skill and freedom. 8. A finely drawn head by Lely, portrait of the Duke of Lauderdale, spiritedly rendered in chalks, on buff paper.

"These acquisitions include numerous sketches and studies by Dutch artists, such as Van de Velde, and of considerable interest, as showing the painter's mode of dealing with the perspective of his subjects. Besides the above, we find a very large collection of painters' etchings described in volumes xvii. to xxi. of Bartsch, being from three to four hundred in number; two hundred and sixty-eight English mezzotints by Faber, Simon, Becket, and others; six hundred and forty-two foreign mezzotints, including twenty-nine by Vailiant, and one by Prince Rupert, not before described, representing figures seated in a tent."

BIBLIOPHILISM.*

FURTHER NOTICES OF THE LITERARY TREASURES IN THE LIBRARY OF MR. E. G. ASAY, OF CHICAGO.

SPECIMENS OF THE FIRST EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, BURNS, SPENSER, AND OTHER AUTHORS—A DANTE THAT COST \$1,500, AND AN IZAAK WALTON WORTH \$1,100—SOME SPLENDID ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS OF CHOICE BOOKS.

By DAVID GRAY.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

In concluding my notice of Mr. Asay's library, I am much embarrassed by the great amount and variety of what it contains. I can at best give the briefest possible mention of some of the more prominent and noticeable works. It was comparatively easy to speak of the works referring to our own country, but it is so rich in English literature, in old as well as in elaborate modern editions, that it can only be appreciated by those who visit it—and even then it is a work requiring much time. If, therefore, my notice is unsatisfactory to the lovers of good books, they must bear in mind that it would require a large octavo volume to simply catalogue this collection. They may even set me down as one who undertook too large a job—but in any event, they will agree with me that this is probably the finest library of its size—public or private—in the West, and in some respects, it is surpassed by very few in the whole country.

*[Reprinted from *The (Chicago) Daily Inter-Ocean* of Saturday, Nov. 28, 1874. The former portion of the article will be found in the *BIBLIOPOLIST*, vol. vi, pp. 165-9.—ED.]

I think I make no mistake in saying that Mr. Asay has

THE FINEST DANTE IN THE WORLD

If there is one which surpasses it, the knowledge of it has not gone abroad. The reader will see from my description that it is at least perfectly unique, and that the possibility of its duplication is very remote. When Osgood & Co., of Boston, were publishing Longfellow's translation, three gentlemen of this city—Messrs. Asay, J. A. Rice, and George W. Ordway—each ordered a copy on large India paper, at a cost of \$333.33 $\frac{1}{3}$ to each, or \$1,000 for the three copies. It was also stipulated that no other like copies should be printed. Mr. Ordway's copy was burned in the great fire, and Mr. Rice's copy was not "extended." Originally the work made three large octavos, but Mr. Asay has extended his to six thick volumes, rather larger than the usual quarto size. His set comprises in addition to the superbly printed text, all of Doré's famous illustrations, as well as those of Flaxman and Blake, together with sets of the illustrations from the Florence and Vernon editions. It contains all of the known engraved portraits of Dante, four or five of Mr. Longfellow—one of which is a water-color drawing—and a finely engraved and very scarce portrait of Flaxman, whose outline illustrations are so celebrated. Another feature which adds to its value is a page of the translation in Mr. Longfellow's MS., and a letter with which it was transmitted, in which he speaks in a most appreciative manner of Mr. Asay's effort to illustrate the work in such a magnificent and exhaustive manner. It would seem that Mr. Asay has gone to the fullest extent in the effort to make this work at once splendid and unique—for he has procured all accessible material in the way of engravings, autographs, etc., etc.

The six volumes were bound in London, in maroon levant morocco, with gilt tops and uncut edges. The added materials are all artistically inlaid, and altogether it is the most superb work it has ever been my good fortune to examine. A word as to its value. The sheets cost, as I have stated, \$333.33 $\frac{1}{3}$, and the binding and other materials ran it up to \$1,500. What estimate Mr. Asay places upon it I was not informed, but from the standpoint of a bibliophile it must possess very great value.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

Mr. Asay's collection is especially rich in costly editions of the great English bard, including the copies known as the first, second, third, and fourth folios. He has a copy of each—something which can be said of but few private libraries in this country. This first edition was printed in 1623, by Isaac Jagard & Edward Blount. It was sold at one pound sterling. A copy was sold in 1864 of this same edition for 716 pounds 2 shillings! It contains a fine old portrait of Shakespeare by Droeshout, with the noted verses by Ben Jonson. The second folio was published in 1632, the third in 1664, and the fourth in 1685. In addition to these he has eleven of the plays in the first small 4to editions, before they were collected and published in the folios. These are very highly prized by book collectors, and command extraordinarily high prices.

Probably the most sumptuous edition of Shakespeare that has ever been published is that of Mr.

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Charles Knight. This abounds with a vast number of illustrations, but Mr. Asay has illustrated his copy with 200 additional ones.

Aside from these copies he has a wonderful collection of old books of history and poetry, from which it is alleged that Shakespeare derived the framework at least of his historic plays, as well as many copies of old plays of doubtful origin, but which have at one time or another been attributed to Shakespeare. He also possesses some of the rare early editions of Shakespeare's poems.

SPENSERIANA.

Another first edition of one of the great works of that age is that of Spenser's "Faery Queen." It was published 1590-1596, in two small 4tos. Mr. Asay has also the second edition of this poem, together with the first collected edition of "Spenser's Poems," the last of which dates from 1596. They are now scarce, and highly prized by book-collectors. These memorials of Spenser cost the handsome sum of \$240.

In addition to the above, he has the first editions of "The Shepard's Calendar," and "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," also by the author of the "Faery Queen." They date from 1595-7, and each cost \$60, though they are very thin small quartos. Two other small quartos complete these memorials of Edmund Spenser, viz.: "Complaints"—1591—and "Proscopia"—about the same period.

FIRST COPIES OF PARADISE LOST, ETC.

Among the many venerable "first editions" in this collection, none, with perhaps the exception of Shakespeare, possess a greater interest than that which attaches to "Paradise Lost." It is a small 4to and dates from 1667. Mr. Asay has two copies of this work—one of which is one of the first impressions, while the other was printed the year following. The latter contains the following "Address to the Reader:" "The Printer to the Reader: Courteous Reader—There was no argument at first intended to the book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procured it, and withal a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not." The blank verse is said to have been a "stumbling block to the public" when the poem first appeared, and with the above Milton gave "a short and spirited explanation of his reasons for departing from the 'troublesome bondage of rhyming.'"

It is very curious to compare the value set upon this immortal work by Milton's cotemporaries with that of these venerable copies. Milton sold his copy-right to Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, on the following terms: He was paid £5 cash down, and was to receive a like sum when 1,300 copies were sold; when 1,500 more should be sold, another £5! When the third edition was published, in 1678, Milton was dead, and his widow "closed out" her interest in the work for £8! For these two early copies the present owner paid the extraordinary sum of \$360, or more than three times the sum received by its great author and his family after him for their whole property in the work!

In addition to the above, this collection is further enriched with a copy of the first edition of Milton's

"Paradise Regained," to which is added "Samson Agonistes." It is a small 8vo, and comes down from 1631. Another volume contains the "Minor Poems of John Milton," in English and Latin, small 8vo, 1645. It is illustrated with a fine early inserted portrait of the author—a proof impression, with a Greek inscription. Few collections in this country contain these interesting memorials of Milton.

OTHER IMPORTANT WORKS.

A gem in this collection, which Charles Sumner would have lingered over with delight, and which he would have sought to possess, is the copy of the Poems of King James I. It is entitled "His Majesty's Poetical Exercises at Vacant Houres, at Edinburghe, printed by Robert Waldegrave, 1591." It is a small 4to, a fine clean copy, in old-fashioned blue morocco. It cost \$120, and was formerly the property of "Rare Ben Jonson." His autograph is on the title page, together with his motto, "Tanquam explorator." It was also owned by the Duke of Roxburghe, and when his library was sold it brought £42, or upward of \$250.

"The Comtesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Phillippe Sidney," is represented by two copies—the first edition, London, 1590, and the second eight years later. The first is a small 4to,—the latter a folio, and illustrated with a curious contemporary portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, and an engraved title page after the style of that day.

In my progress traveling northward,
'Taking my farewell oth' southward,
To Banberry came, I, O profane one!
Where I saw a Puritane-one,
Hanging his cat on Monday,
For killing a mouse on Sunday.

These quaint lines are from "Brathwait's Barnabæ Itinerarum; or, Barnabee's Journal," which was first printed in 1648. This is a very curious work, which was republished in 1820 in the limited edition of 125 copies. It is a fine copy, and has had kind treatment as it has come down through the generations.

"The workes of Sir Thomas More, Knyght, sometime Lorde Chancellor of England, written by him in the English tonge. Lond. at the Costs and Charges of Iohn Carwood and Iohn Waley, and Richarde Totten." Folio 1577. This is one of the finest old black letter folios I have ever seen. The volume is very large, containing 1,458 pages, besides the title. It was dedicated to Queen Mary. For that early day the paper and printing are exceedingly fine, and the book has passed through good hands on its way down to its present owner. It is valued at \$180.

Walton's Angler appears in five different editions, commencing with the first. They were published from 1653 to 1676. Such sets of this work are extremely rare, not only in this country, but in Europe as well.

Mr. Asay is gathering materials for illustrating his copy of Dibdin's "Bibliographical Decameron, or ten days' pleasant discourse upon illuminated manuscripts and subjects connected with early engraving, typography, and bibliography." This work was published in 1817, and is really a continuation of the author's celebrated work on "Bibliomania." The book itself was brought out in three royal octavos in splendid style, and from the number and beauty of its illustra-

tions has ever been regarded as a model of typographical excellence. Among the materials with which Mr. Asay proposes still further to add to its attractions are two steel engravings of Diana de Poitiers, one of which is alone valued at \$50. It is an especially fine and very rare engraving of one of the most beautiful women that ever lived.

His copy of Boccacio's Decameron is the first English edition. It is a fine old folio, printed in 1620, by George Jaggard, the printer of the first folio edition of Shakespeare. It has been richly rebound by Riviere, and tooled, in exact imitation of the Diana de Poitiers style.

A PORTION ONLY OF THE MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

Among the curious and rare books of this collection we very briefly mention the following: A dozen or more small volumes by "John Taylor, the Water Poet," 23 separate works, all being first editions, and several illustrated; "England's Helicon, or the Muses' Harmony;" a collection of fugitive poetry, 4to, 1600; "James Shirley's Poems and Plays," London, 1646; old John Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," being the third edition of a pleasing miscellany which delighted the readers of the middle ages, folio, dedicated to King Henry the VIII.; an exquisitely fine copy of the works of Samuel Daniel, once owned by William E. Burton, the great American comedian, and dating from 1602; Drant's Horace, 1596, small 4to, has a page, preceding the title, of writing which dates back to Elizabethan times; "Wits' Recreations," 1667; "Sta Boreale," 1671; "The Night's Search," first and second parts, 1646; "Heywood's Dialogues," 1636; "Musauern Debera," 1655; "Secret History of Queen Elizabeth and Essex, by a Person of Quality," 1681; Fleckno's "Oliver Cromwell," 1659, with a curious portrait of the "Lord Protector" inserted; Richard Braithwait, represented by nine volumes of poetical and miscellaneous works dating from 1640 to 1646; "Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses," published in 1600, of which it is doubtful whether another copy is in existence; Proctor's "History of Wyatt's Rebellion"—sm. 8vo—1544; "Metamorphosis of Pigmaleon's Image"—1598—very rare; "Washbourne's Poems"—1654; "Fragmenta Regalia"—1653—curious and scarce; Samuel Daniels' "Poems," 1605, together with Delia and Rosamond, 1594—a quaint old volume, with a printed ornament, something like an old-fashioned "check end" at the bottom of each page; Flatman's "Poems," 1674—once the property of a famous bibliophile, Luttrell, as is attested by his autograph; "The Dove," by Richard Zouche, 1613; "Ovid's Banquet of Sense"—1639, and seldom met with; "The Artificial Changeling," by J. Bulwer, London, 1653; Whetstone's "Heptameron"—1582; "The Ten Tragedies of Seneca," translated by Heywood and others—1582; "Brittania," by Henry Peacham, London, 1612—containing many curious old engravings; "A Brown Dozen of Drunkards," sm. 4to, Lond., 1648, interesting and exceedingly odd; "Virgil," translated by Thos. Phares, sm. 4to, black letter, 1573; "The Passionate Century of Love," 1st edition, black letter, sm. 4to, no date, but valued at \$252; "Otia Sacra," by the Earl of Westmoreland, 1648; "John Henry Wood's Works"

—sm. 4to, black letter, 1598; The Works of Geo. Gascoigne, sm. 4to, 1587; Bishop Hall's "Satires," rare copy of 2d ed., supposed to be unique; Poems by John Hall, 1646; Davenant's "Gondibert"—1651; "The Duello," London, 1610; "A Scheming Schoolmaster," 1573; "Joe Miller's Jests," 1739—with portrait of Miller, in character; "The Great Assizes Holden at Parnassus"—sm. 4to, 1645; "Robert Green's Mourning Garment"—sm. 4to, 1616—\$90; Several works, by Green—1599 to 1637; Cartwright's Poems—sm. 8vo., 1651—with the duplicate sheets which show the poems as originally printed, with the subsequent changes of the author; Robert Pynson's "Little Chronicle," black letter, no date, but probably coming down from 1520—extremely rare, and valued at \$350, doubtless from the fact that but two other copies are in existence; Homer's "Batrachomania, or Battle of the Frogs," Poems and Epigrams—superb old copy, with curious and finely engraved copper-plate title-page—but published without date; fine early editions of the Iliad and Odyssey; one third of the Roxburge Club's Publications.

BOOKS EXTENDED, OR OF WHICH BUT VERY LIMITED EDITIONS WERE PUBLISHED.

Mr. Asay has quite a number of works—more, perhaps, than I have space to describe—which have been extended with various appropriate illustrations, or which are represented by large paper editions, very limited in number. Among these, the more noticeable are the following:

"The Dramatists," by Pickering, (10 vols. sm. 4to, London, 1830,) of which but 12 copies were printed. They comprise the works of Webster, Marlowe, Greene, and Peele.

The Percy Society's "Philo Biblion," complete. Oxford Classics, large paper, complete.

Pickering's edition of "Walton's Angler." It is of royal octavo size, large paper, published originally in 2 vols., but extended to six, by the insertion of portraits, landscapes, original drawings, water-color pictures, etc., etc. It is a princely work, valued at \$1,100, and probably there is no other equal to it or like it.

Ireland's "New York Stage," 2 volumes, expanded to five, and containing a great number of rich and varied illustrations. Doran's "English Stage" is a similar work, "extended" in the same manner. They are both splendid works, superbly elaborate in all the details of printing, binding and illustration.

Fitzgerald's "Life of Garrick," 2 volumes, expanded to four.

Matthews' "Dibdin," "Edwin de Castro," "Campbell's Life of Siddons," are all made rich with additional illustrations.

Large paper set of "Bell's English Theater."

"Ancient Critical Essays on Poetry." This was Haselwood's copy, and was once owned by Richard Grant White, our American Shakespearian scholar and linguist.

"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," with a great number of illustrations.

"Dibdin's Continental Tour," extended into several additional volumes. Mr. Asay has about one-

fourth of graver with additional topographical illustrations.

Dibdin's beautiful copy of a book.

Large Waverley illustrations—bottsford

The first Poems—

In the Assay has bibliophilic illustrations, fine specialities up in o speedily expensive those who the best. binders w best wor Bedford, Lortic, D. Matthew of Phila for him binding to the e is done practised His an "Nuren of over finest da and tool to peopl penditun tion to merit— of stre most of years, o may be for any

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fourth of the original drawings as made for the engraver when the book was first published, with much additional matter in the way of engravings and autographs. "Dibdin's Northern Tour," similarly illustrated.

Dibdin's "A'Kempis," as well as an A'Kempis beautifully printed in diamond type—a Tom Thumb of a book, but finely executed.

Large paper editions of Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Waverley Novels—extended with a wealth of illustrations—the last mentioned being the famous Abbotford edition, with 700 extra engravings inserted.

The first, or Kilmarnock edition of Robert Burns' Poems—a rare book and most highly prized.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND COSTLY BINDINGS.

In the matter of binding it would seem that Mr. Asay has been very lavish of expense—in fact, as a bibliophile of very marked and decided characteristics, fine bindings may be said to be one of his specialties. Many of his works have been gathered up in ordinary or poor bindings, which he has speedily replaced with those of the most ornate and expensive character. He has adopted the plan of those who buy a new dictionary—that of "getting the best." Many of his treasures have been sent to the binders with orders that they should give him their best work, regardless of price. He has patronized Bedford, Riviere, and the elder Hayday, of England; Lortic, David, Trautz Bauzenet, and Cape, of France; Matthews of New York; and Pawson & Nicholson, of Philadelphia. It has been no uncommon thing for him to pay from \$15 to \$60 or \$70 for the binding of a single book. The expense is due mainly to the elaborate ornamentation of the covers which is done by hand, and which requires a degree of practised skill to which few binders can attain. His ancient but beautiful and perfect copy of the "Nuremburg Chronicle" was rebound at an expense of over \$60 for a single volume. The material is the finest dark brown Levant morocco, and it is gilded and tooled in the most elaborate manner. Such prices to people unused to paying them, look like useless expenditures of money, but they are not out of proportion to the value of the books, and have one great merit—which cannot be said of ordinary work—that of strength and durability. With proper care, most of these fine bindings ought to last a thousand years, or almost indefinitely, and money doubtless may be as legitimately expended in that direction as for any other luxury which people care for or enjoy.

BOOKS ON VELLUM.

In this department there are several gems. The copy of Horace printed in Paris by Didot, is faultless in all its details. It is beautifully illustrated with steel engravings and photographs. This is a new publication. He has also a Virgil, printed and illustrated in the same elegant style.

Most of his vellum books are of recent dates, but he has Flemish and Italian Missals, dating from the fourteenth century, beautifully written in colors, with the usual illuminations. Maidment's "Scottish Ballads and Songs" in this style is valued at \$160.

BANVARD AGAIN!

Just as the BIBLIOPOLIST was going to press we are in receipt of a very remarkable circular signed John Banvard, which purports to be

"THE TRUE HISTORY

OF THE

MYSTERIOUS BOOK AND ITS SUPPRESSION,

FOR WHICH

£1,000 Reward was Offered,

Extracted from the *EXPURGATED AND UNSUPPRESSED* edition of "The Memoirs of George IV.," printed by Thomas Kelley, Paternoster Row, London, and seized by the authority of the Lord Chancellor, in which the Author gives a description of his own book and the one for which £1,000 was offered. (*Vide* Pages 42-43, Vol. II, Unsuppressed Edition, of which several copies are in the United States.) The book for which the £1,000 was offered is now in possession of JOHN BANVARD."

Then follows a rambling, ridiculous rhodomontade, full of absurd statements, most of which are ungrammatically expressed; the circular would be amusing if it were not stupid, but we propose briefly to notice it on account of its false statements. There is no such book as "an expurgated and unsuppressed edition of the Memoirs of George IV." There was no such book "printed by Thomas Kelley," for the simple reason that he was not a printer, and if there was any book seized by "authority of the Lord Chancellor," it was not a book which was "expurgated and unsuppressed." The statement that the book for which £1,000 was offered is now in the possession of John Banvard, we deny, because there never was a thousand pounds offered by Brown except for an impossible conjunction of title pages. The rest of the circular is a repetition of the rigmarole which we have previously analyzed. We propose to pay our respects to the book when it is published. In the meantime we remark that the quotation made by Banvard from Huish refers to one or other of the books to which we have made reference on page 42. Banvard carefully omits from his quotation the following, which should follow the "chancery discovery".

"This negotiation was entered into between the publisher and author of the work for the suppression of about *sixteen pages*." This did not suit Mr. Banvard's purpose—but Huish does not say that the pages were suppressed, and we re-assert that Huish's book was not suppressed. If Mr. Banvard is really reprinting "The Book," as quoted on page 42 of Huish's *Memoirs*, Vol. II., we content ourselves with remarking that "The Book" is a common book and has no sort of interest to the present generation, and our advice to our friends is to be content with our exposure, and not to buy Banvard's book, even if it be "annotated in the light of our American ideas of free government." Mr. Banvard's circular is a composition which leads us to doubt if he can throw light on any subject except "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." J. SABIN.

A CURIOUS BOOKPLATE.

A PLEADER TO THE NEEDEE WHEN A READER.

AS all, my friend, through wily knaves, full often
suffer wrongs,
Forget not, pray, when it you've read, to whom this
book belongs.
Than one Charles Clark, of Totham Hall, none to 't
a right hath better,
A *wight*, that same, more *read* than some in the lore
of old *black-letter*.
And as C. C. in *Essex* dwells—a shire at which all
laugh—
His books must, sure, less fit seem drest, if they're
not bount in *calf*!
Care take, my friend, this book you ne'er with grease
or dirt besmear it;
While none but awkward *puppies* will continue to
"dog's ear" it!
And o'er my books when book-*worms* "*grub*," I'd
have them understand,
No marks the margins must de-*face* from any busy
"*hand*!"
Marks, as re-marks, in books of Clark's, when e'er
some critic spy leaves,
It always him so *wasp-ish* makes, though they're but
on the *fly-leaves*!
Yes, if so they're used, he'd not de-*fer* to deal a fate
most meet—
He'd have the soiler of his *quires* do penance in a
sheet!
The Ettrick *Hogg*—ne'er deem'd a *bore*—his candid
mind revealing,
Declares, to beg "*a copy*" now's a mere pre-*text* for
stealing!
So, as some knave to grant the loan of this my book
may wish me,

I thus my book-*plate* here display, lest some such
"*fry*" should *dish* me!
—But hold,—though I again declare WITH-holding
I'll not *brook*,
And "*a sea of trouble*" still shall take to bring book-
worms "*to book*!"

BOOKS WANTED.

SHELLEY, P. B.—*Alastor*. Crown 8vo, London: Baldwin, 1816.

SHELLEY, P. B.—*Adonais*, small 4to, Pisa, 1821.

MANUSCRIPTS, ETC., RELATING TO SHELLEY AND BYRON.

Wanted by—C. W. Frederickson, box 242, Post Office, New York.

SANDERSON, JOHN.—*Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence*. Vols. 1 and 3. 8vo, Philadelphia: Pomeroy, 1823.

ALLIBONE, S. A.—*Dictionary of Authors*. Vols. 2 and 3. 4to. To complete set, of which Vol. 1 ends at JYL, page 1005, edition 1859.

WORKS ON STENOGRAPHY, OR SHORT HAND.

AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST, Vol. 1, No. 3. 50 cents will be given.

MILES, (REV. H. of Boston).—*Pamphlet on the Miles Family*, Lowell.

HAMMERTON'S Etchings and Etchers. 1841.

Wanted by—J. Sabin & Sons, 84 Nassau street, New York.

NOTICE.

The Fac-similes referred to in the concluding part of "Miscellaneous Matter" of "A Handy Book about Books," will be given with the work in its complete form.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return communications which, for any reason, we do not print; and to this rule we can make no exception.

To all communications should be affixed the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

By an order from the Post Office, postage of all periodicals must be pre-paid on and after January 1, 1875. We have been in consequence obliged to raise the Annual subscription of the BIBLIOPOLIST to \$1.25.

Advertisements inserted in the BIBLIOPOLIST at the following rates: Page, \$16.00; half page, \$9.00; quarter page, \$5.00; eighth page, \$3.00. Slip circulars and continuous Advertisements, at special rates. Notices among the "Book Wanted" 10 cents per work, address free.

Editorial Communications should be addressed to "The Editors"—Advertisements and Business Letters to "The Publishers," American Bibliopolist Office, 84 Nassau street, New York.

"Gossip about Portraits," and "Pleasures, Objects and Advantages of Literature, deferred in this number will be continued in the April BIBLIOPOLIST."

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Preface

Vol. V

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